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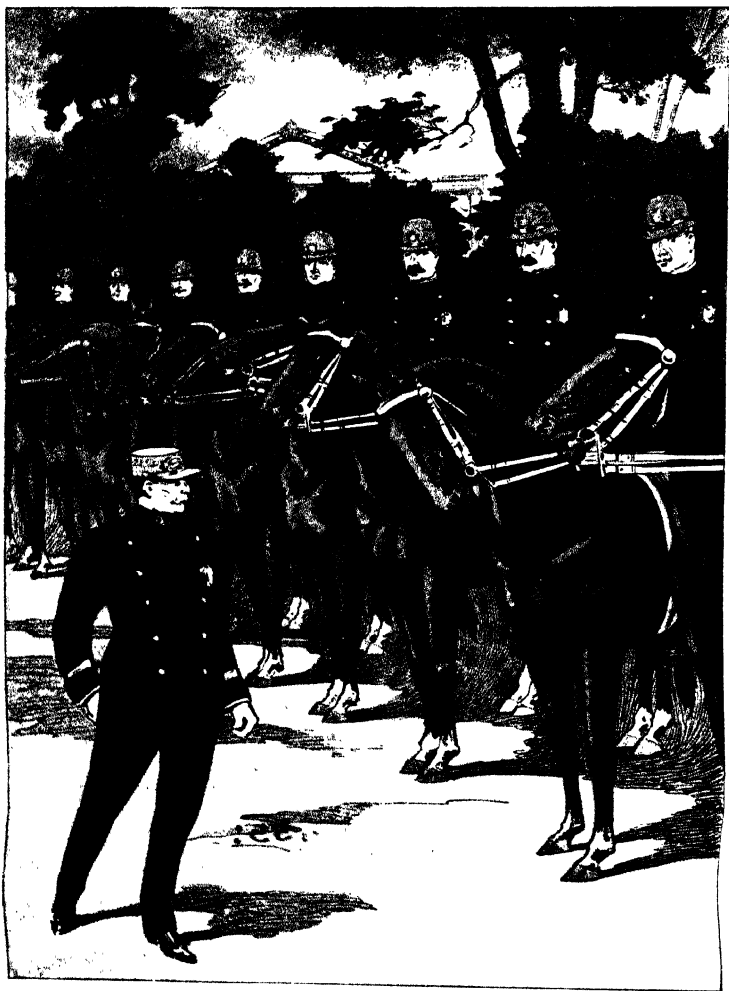
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FOURTH YEAR
LANGUAGE READER





"INSPECTION."

See Page 4

FOURTH YEAR LANGUAGE READER

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PREFACE

1. **THE distinctive feature of the Language Reader Series is that it includes in one book for each of the first six grades a considerable part of the work in English needed for the grade, except the supplementary reading. This plan may be defended by the arguments: (a) economy of time and money, and (b) efficiency in instruction.**

At the present time, when the curriculum has become unduly crowded, the problem must be simplified by unifying certain lines of the work. The close relation of reading, composition, spelling, etc., attained by viewing them definitely as only certain elements of the work in English, tends to reduce the confusion in the mind of the pupil.

There is no dissent among teachers as to the value of good literature as the basis of the English work of the school. But the classics are often either not related at all to the work in expression, or the relationship is indicated in a vague and desultory fashion. The Language Readers attempt to make this relationship close and vital, without rendering the work in expression pedantic and without killing the enjoyment of the reading.

It is agreed, further, that the facts of language—both the definite things, such as spelling and sentence structure, and the indefinite things, such as the connotation of terms and the discrimination between synonyms—are not to be learned and fixed by one act of attention; but that we learn and relearn some of them by continued observations, and that we come by

approximating steps to the knowledge of others. It follows that a plan of teaching English which gives the pupil the *habit of observing the facts of language as he reads* must be the best guarantee of his permanent hold upon it and his continued growth in it. This idea is indeed not new. Books upon composition draw largely upon literature for their exercises, and reading books introduce—though timidly and incompletely—lessons in the study of language. The present series is a full working out of an idea toward which the books—of either class—have been tending in the past ten years.

2. The editors have taken pains that each volume of the series should have, so far as possible, some dominant interest in its reading matter. In the first two books, where the main problem is to teach the beginnings of reading, much must be sacrificed to interest and simplicity, and these books have dealt with the ordinary materials, simple story and poetry, mostly of folk tale and child life. In the third book, the dominant element is the fairy story and folk tale; in the fourth, the animal story and the tale of adventure; in the fifth, the great myths of the world; and in the sixth, a selection of stories, poems, and essays which are intended in a special way to serve as an introduction to the general field of literature.

In the compilation great care has been taken that the books shall be *good readers*, independent of the language work introduced. At every stage of the work the standards of good literature and the interests of the normal child have been kept in mind. A too common fault among school readers is the effect of “scrappiness,” due to the brevity of the selections. The editors have therefore included a number of selections which are, by the child’s standard, long stories. In the mechanical execution of the books, also, the language work has been so handled as not to make it obtrusive in appearance or

impertinent in comment, and the literature has been so placed that the teacher may, when desirable, treat it as literature only. Composition work which obstructs the interest in reading is wide of its true aim.

3. In grading the reading and language work the editors have had the assistance of able and experienced teachers from both public and private schools. The language work increases in importance in the higher grades. As repetition is an important element in instruction, the editors have not hesitated to bring in certain facts more than once; and for the same reason reviews and summaries are inserted.

4. In the Fourth Year Language Reader the language work includes drill in spelling, attention to details of mechanical form, — such as punctuation, quotation marks, etc., — and especial attention to the arrangement of ideas to be expressed in oral and written composition in a simple and orderly form. The spelling lists have been put at the end of the volume in order not to give the pages of the book an appearance of too great complexity.

THE AUTHORS.

NEW YORK,
July, 1905.

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- II. COMPOSITION.** Pages 22, 27, 35, 59, 91, 120, 131, 157, 178, 181, 189, 239, 261, 277.
- Questions on topics as basis. Reproduction. Filling in outlines. Saying things in different ways. Subjects suggested by the reading.
- III. DICTATION EXERCISES.** Pages 42, 53, 85, 147, 211, 249, 276, 283.
- Drill on and review of 1. kinds of sentences, 2. forms of punctuation, 3. use of capitals, 4. division of sentences and paragraphs, 5. arrangement of lines in poetry, 6. spelling.
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1. Filling in blanks with nouns, verbs, adjectives, forms of *lay* and *lie*, forms of *sit* and *set*, forms of *raise* and *rise*.
2. Singular and plural of irregular forms: nouns ending in *o*, nouns ending in *f* or *fe*, nouns ending in *y*, nouns changing vowel sound.
3. Synonyms. Copying paragraphs, using synonyms in place of given words. Free reproduction of passages.
4. Homonyms: *there, their; hear, here; so, sew, sow; two, to, too; etc.*
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FOURTH YEAR
LANGUAGE READER

FOURTH YEAR LANGUAGE READER

1

SKIPPER

BEING THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BLUE RIBBONER

AT the age of six Skipper went on the force. Clean of limb and scound of wind he was, with not a blemish from the tip of his black tail to the end of his crinkly forelock. He had been broken to saddle by a Green Mountain boy who knew more of horse nature than of the trashy things writ in books. He gave Skipper kind words and an occasional friendly pat on the flank. So Skipper's disposition was sweet and his nature a trusting one.

10

This is why Skipper learned so soon the ways of the city. The first time he saw one of those little wheeled houses, all windows, and full of

people, come rushing down the street with a fearful whirr and clank of bell, he wanted to bolt. But the man on his back spoke in an easy, calm voice, saying: "So-o-o! There, my boy. Easy with you. So-o-o! There, my boy. Easy with you. So-o-o!" which was excellent advice, for the queer contrivance whizzed by and did him no harm. In a week he could watch one without even pricking up his ears.

10 It was strange work Skipper had been brought to the city to do. As a colt he had seen horses dragging plows, pulling big loads of hay, and hitched to many kinds of vehicles. He himself had drawn a light buggy and thought it good fun, 15 though you did have to keep your heels down and trot instead of canter. He had liked best to lope off with the boy on his back, down to the Corners, where the store was.

But here there were no plows, nor hay carts, 20 nor mowing machines. There were many heavy wagons, it was true, but these were all drawn by stocky Percherons and big Western grays or stout Canada blacks, who seemed fully equal to the task.

Also there were carriages — my, what shiny carriages! And what smart, sleek-looking horses drew them! And how high they did hold their heads, and how they did throw their feet about — just as if they were dancing on eggs. 5

“Proud, stuck-up things,” thought Skipper.

It was clear that none of this work was for him. Early on the first morning of his service men in brass-buttoned blue coats came to the stable to feed and rub down the horses. Skipper’s man had 10 two names. One was Officer Martin; at least that was the one to which he answered when the man with the cap called the roll before they rode out for duty. The other name was “Reddy.” That was what the rest of the men in blue coats called 15 him. Skipper noticed that he had red hair, and concluded that “Reddy” must be his real name.

As for Skipper’s name, it was written on the tag tied to the halter which he wore when he came to the city. Skipper heard him read it. The boy 20 on the farm had done that, and Skipper was glad, for he liked the name.

There was much to learn in those first few weeks, and Skipper learned it quickly. He came

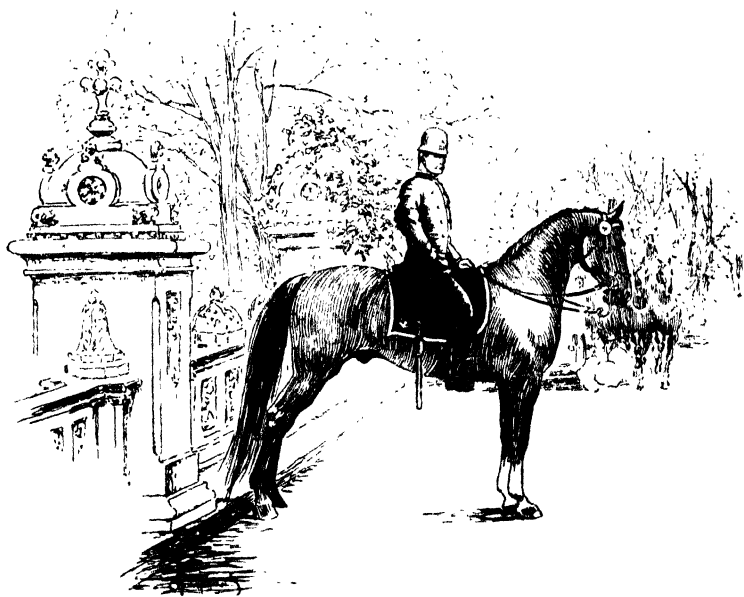
to know that at inspection, which began the day, you must stand with your nose just on a line with that of the horse on either side. If you didn't, you felt the bit or the spurs. He mastered the meaning of "right dress," "left dress," "forward," "fours right," and a lot of other things. Some of them were very strange.

Now on the farm they had said, "Whoa, boy," and "Get up." Here they said, "Halt" and
10 "Forward!" But "Reddy" used none of these terms. He pressed with his knees on your withers, loosened the reins, and made a queer little chirrup when he wanted you to gallop. He let you know when he wanted you to stop by the
15 lightest pressure on the bit.

It was lazy work, though. Sometimes when Skipper was just aching for a brisk canter he had to pace soberly through the park driveways—for Skipper, although I don't believe I mentioned it
20 before, was part and parcel of the mounted police force. But there, you could know that by the yellow letters on his saddle blanket.

For half an hour at a time he would stand, just on the edge of the roadway and at an exact angle

with it, motionless as the horse ridden by the bronze soldier up near the mall. "Reddy" would sit as still in the saddle, too. It was hard for Skipper to stand there and see those mincing



cobs go by, their pad housings all a-glitter, crests on their blinders, jingling their pole chains, and switching their absurd little stubs of tails. But it was still more tantalizing to watch the saddle

horses canter past in the soft bridle path on the other side of the roadway. But then, when you are on the force, you must do your duty.

One afternoon as Skipper was standing post like this, he caught a new note that rose above the hum of the park traffic. It was the quick, nervous beat of hoofs which rang sharply on the hard macadam. There were screams, too. It was a runaway. Skipper knew this even before he saw the bell-like nostrils, the straining eyes, and the foam-flecked lips of the horse or the scared man in the carriage behind. It was a case of broken rein.

How the sight made Skipper's blood tingle! Wouldn't he just like to show that crazy roan what real running was! But what was Reddy going to do? He felt his knees tighten. What! Yes, it must be so. Reddy was actually going to try a brush with a runaway. What fun!

Skipper pranced out into the roadway and gathered himself for the sport. Before he could get into full swing, however, the roan had shot past with a snort of challenge which could not be misunderstood.

"Oho! You will, eh?" thought Skipper. "Well now, we'll see about that."

Ah, a free rein! That is—almost free. And a touch of the spurs! No need for that, Reddy. How the carriages scatter! Skipper caught hasty glimpses of smart hackneys drawn up trembling by the roadside, of women who tumbled from bicycles into the bushes, and of men who ran and shouted and waved their hats.

"Just as though that little roan wasn't scared enough already," thought Skipper.

But she did run well; Skipper had to admit that. She had a lead of fifty yards before he could strike his best gait. Then for a few moments he could not seem to gain an inch. But the mare was blowing herself and Skipper was taking it coolly. He was putting the pent-up energy of weeks into his strides. When he saw he was overhauling her, he steadied to the work.

Just as Skipper was about to forge ahead, Reddy did a queer thing. With his right hand he grabbed the roan with a nose-pinch grip, and with the left he pulled in on the reins. It was a great disappointment to Skipper, for he had

counted on showing the roan his heels. Skipper knew, after two or three experiences of this kind, that this was the usual thing.

Those were glorious runs, though. Skipper
5 wished they would come more often. Sometimes there would be two and even three in a day. Then a fortnight or so would pass without a single runaway on Skipper's beat. But duty is duty.

During the early morning hours, when there
10 were few people in the park, Skipper's education progressed. He learned to pace round in a circle, lifting each fore foot with a sway of the body and a pawing movement which was quite rhythmical. He learned to box with his nose. He learned to
15 walk sedately behind Reddy and to pick up a glove, dropped apparently by accident. There was always a sugarplum or a sweet cracker in the glove, which he got when Reddy stopped, and Skipper, poking his nose over his shoulder, let
20 the glove fall into his hands.

force, the mounted police; **bolt**, to run away; **lope**, to gallop; **ve'hi cles**, carriages, wagons; **Per'che ron**, a breed of heavy horses; **in spec'tion**; **with'ers**, the front part of a horse's shoulders; **cob**, a small carriage-horse; **hous'ing**, a saddle-cloth;

traf'fic, travel; **tar'ta lize**, to tease with hopes or promises; **en'er gy**, force, strength; **mac ad'am**, a street or road made of broken or crushed stone (so called from the inventor, John MacAdam); **over haul'**, to overtake; **Lack'ney**, a pony; **rhyth'-mi cal**, with even or regular beats; **se date'ly**, in a dignified manner.

What had Skipper's work been at his home 'n Vermont? Why did he soon learn the ways of the city? Give all your reasons for thinking the "Green Mountain boy" was good. Why did Skipper think it queer that in a race Reddy always caught the horse they were chasing?

2

SKIPPER *(Continued)*

As he became more accomplished he noticed that "Reddy" took more pains with his toilet. Every morning Skipper's coat was curried and brushed and rubbed with chamois until it shone almost as if it had been varnished. His fetlocks were carefully trimmed, a ribbon braided into his forelock, and his hoofs polished as brightly as Reddy's boots. Then there were apples and carrots and other delicacies which Reddy brought him.

10

So it happened that one morning Skipper heard

the sergeant tell Reddy that he had been detailed for the Horse Show squad. Reddy had saluted and said nothing at the time, but when they were once out on post he told Skipper all about it.

5 "You will soon be appearing before all the swells in town, my boy. What do you think of that, eh? And it may be you will get a blue ribbon, Skipper, my lad; and maybe Mr. Patrick Martin will have a roundsman's berth and chev-
10 rons on his sleeves before the year's out."

The Horse Show was all that Reddy had promised, and more. The light almost dazzled Skipper. The sounds and the smells confused him. But he felt Reddy on his back, heard him chirrup softly,
15 and soon felt at ease on the tan-bark.

Then there was a great crash of noise, and Skipper, with some fifty of his friends on the force, began to move around the circle. First it was fours abreast, then by twos, and then a rush to
20 troop front, when, in a long line, they swept around as if they had been harnessed to a beam by traces of equal length.

After some more evolutions a half dozen were picked out and put through their paces. Skipper

was one of these. Then three of the six were sent to join the rest of the squad. Only Skipper and two others remained in the center of the ring. Men in queer clothes, wearing tall black hats, showing much white shirt front and carrying long 5 whips, came and looked them over carefully.

Skipper showed these men how he could waltz in time to the music, and the people who banked the circle as far up as Skipper could see shouted and clapped their hands until it seemed as if a 10 thunderstorm had broken loose. At last one of the men in tall hats tied a blue ribbon on Skipper's bridle.

When Reddy got him into the stable, he fed him four big red apples, one after another. Next 15 day Skipper knew that he was a famous horse. Reddy showed him their pictures in the paper.

For a whole year Skipper was the pride of the force. He was shown to visitors at the stables. He was patted on the nose by the mayor. The 20 chief, who was a bigger man than the mayor, came up especially to look at him. In the park Skipper did his tricks every day for ladies in fine dresses, who exclaimed, "How perfectly wonder-



SKIPPER GETS THE BLUE RIBBON

ful!" as well as for pretty nursemaids, who giggled and said, "Now did you ever see the like of that, Norah?"

And then came the spavin. Ah, but that was the beginning of the end! Were you ever spavined? If so, you know all about it. If you haven't been, there's no use trying to tell you. Rheumatism? Well, that may be bad; but a spavin is worse.

For three weeks Reddy rubbed the lump on the hock with stuff from a brown bottle, and hid it from the inspector. Then, one black morning, the lump was discovered. That day Skipper did not go out on post. Reddy came into the stall, put his arm around his neck, and said "Good-by" in a voice that Skipper had never heard him use before. Something had made it thick, and husky. Very sadly Skipper saw him saddle one of the newcomers and go out for duty.

Before Reddy came back Skipper was led away. He was taken to a big building where there were horses of every kind—except the right kind. Each one had his own peculiar "out," although you couldn't always tell what it was at first glance.

But Skipper did not stay here long. He was led into a big ring before a lot of men. A man on a box shouted out a number, and began to talk very fast. Skipper gathered that he was talking about him. Skipper learned that he was still only six years old, and that he had been owned as a saddle horse by a lady who was about to sail for Europe and was closing out her stable. This was news to Skipper. He wished Reddy could hear it.

The man talked very nicely about Skipper. He said he was kind, gentle, sound in wind and limb, and was not only trained to the saddle, but would work either single or double. The man wanted to know how much the gentlemen were willing to pay for a bay horse of this description.

Some one on the outer edge of the crowd said, "Ten dollars."

At this time the man on the box grew quite indignant. He asked if the other man wouldn't like a silver-mounted harness and a lap robe thrown in.

"Fifteen," said another man.

Somebody else said, "Twenty," another man

said, "Twenty-five," and still another, "Thirty." Then there was a hitch. The man on the box began to talk very fast indeed:—

"Thirty-thirty-thirty-thirty — do I hear the five? Thirty-thirty-thirty-thirty — will you make it five?"

"Thirty-five," said a red-faced man, who had pushed his way to the front and was looking Skipper over sharply.

The man on the box said "Thirty-five" a good many times, and asked if he "heard forty." Evidently he did not, for he stopped and said very slowly and distinctly, looking expectantly around: "Are you all done? Thirty-five — once. Thirty-five — twice. Third and last call — sold, for thirty-five dollars!"

When Skipper heard this, he hung his head. When you have been a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar blue ribboner and the pride of the force, it is sad to be "knocked down" for thirty-five.

fet'lock, the tuft of hair on the pastern joint (just above the hoof); **del'i ca cy**, something good to eat; **cham'ois** (sham'my), the dressed skin of the chamois, a small antelope found in the Alps; **chev'rons**, strips on the sleeves of an officer's uniform;

ev o lu'tion, a movement in drill or parade ; **de tail'**, to appoint ; **hock**, the joint at the lower end of the thigh-bone ; **spav'in**, a disease of the hock.

What did it mean to be "detailed for the Horse Show squad"? What did the blue ribbon on Skipper's bridle mean? Try to draw a picture of Skipper as he looked at the Horse Show. Why was he sold at auction?

Oral Exercise. — 1. Skipper was a horse. 2. To whom did Skipper belong? What kind of a sentence is number 1? What kind of a sentence is number 2? Tell in your own words what a statement is ; what a question is.

Written Exercise. — From the first three pages of *Skipper* select and copy four short statements. Change each of these statements to questions and write them, being sure to use the right punctuation.

Definitions for Review. — A sentence is a group of words which expresses a thought.

A statement is a sentence used to tell something.

Every written statement should end with a period.

A question is a sentence used to ask something.

Every written question should end with a question mark.

3

SKIPPER (*Continued*)

THE next year of Skipper's life was a dark one. We will not linger over it. The red-faced

man who led him away was a grocer. He put Skipper in the shafts of a heavy wagon very early every morning and drove him a long way through the city to a big down-town market, where men in long frocks shouted and handled boxes and barrels. When the wagon was heavily loaded the red-faced man drove him back to the store. Then a tow-haired boy once pulled the near rein too hard while rounding a corner, and a wheel was smashed against a lamp-post. The tow-haired boy was sent head first into an ash barrel, and Skipper, rather startled at the occurrence, took a little run down the avenue, strewing the pavement with eggs, sugar, canned corn, celery, and other assorted groceries.

15

Perhaps this was why the grocer sold him. Skipper pulled a cart through the flat-house district for a while after that. On the seat of the cart sat a leather-lunged man who roared: "A-a-a-a-ples! Nice a-a-a-ples! A who-o-ole lot for a quarter!"

Skipper felt this disgrace keenly. Even the cab horses, on whom he used to look with disdain, eyed him scornfully. Skipper stood it as

long as possible, and then, one day, while the apple man was standing on the back step of the cart shouting things at a woman who was leaning halfway out of a fourth-story window, he bolted. He distributed that load of apples over four blocks, much to the profit of the school children, and he wrecked the wagon on a hydrant. For this the man beat him with a piece of the wreckage until a blue-coated officer threatened to arrest him. Next day Skipper was sold again.

Skipper looked over his new owner without joy. The man was evil of face. His long whiskers and hair were unkempt and sun-bleached, like the tip end of a pastured cow's tail. His clothes were greasy. His voice was like the grunt of a pig. Skipper wondered to what use this man would put him. He feared the worst.

Far up through the city the man took him, and out on a broad avenue where there were many open spaces, most of them fenced in by huge billboards. Behind one of these sign-plastered barriers Skipper found his new home. The bottom of the lot was more than twenty feet below the street level. In the center of a waste of rocks

ash heaps, and dead weeds tottered a group of shanties, strangely made of odds and ends. The walls were partly of mud-chinked rocks and partly of wood. The roofs were patched with strips of rusty tin held in place by stones. 5

Into one of these shanties, just tall enough for Skipper to enter and no more, the horse that had been the pride of the mounted police was driven with a kick as a greeting. Skipper noted first that there was no feed box and no hay rack. 10 Then he saw, or rather felt, -- for the only light came through cracks in the walls, -- that there was no floor. His nostrils told him that the drainage was bad. Skipper sighed as he thought of the clean, sweet straw which Reddy used to 15 change in his stall every night.

But when you have a lump on your leg -- a lump that throbs, throbs with pain, whether you stand still or lie down -- you do not think much on other things. 20

Supper was late in coming to Skipper that night. He was almost starved when it was served. And such a supper! What do you think? Hay? Yes, but marsh hay; the dry,

tasteless stuff they use for bedding in cheap stables. A ton of it wouldn't make a pound of good flesh. Oats? Not a sign of an oat! But with the hay there were a few potato peelings. 5 Skipper nosed them out and nibbled the marsh hay. The rest he pawed back under him, for the whole had been thrown at his feet. Then he dropped on the ill-smelling ground and went to sleep to dream that he had been turned into

10



15

a forty-acre field of clover, while a dozen brass bands played a waltz and multitudes of people looked on and cheered.

In the morning more salt hay was thrown to him

20 and water was brought in a dirty pail. Then, without a stroke of brush or curry comb, he was led out. When he saw the wagon to which he was to be hitched, Skipper hung his head. He had reached the bottom. It was unpainted and

rickety as to body and frame, the wheels were unmated and dished, while the shafts were spliced and wound with wire.

But, worst of all, was the string of bells suspended from two uprights above the seat. When Skipper saw these he knew he had fallen low indeed. He had become the horse of a wandering junk man. The next step in his career, as he well knew, would be the glue factory and the bone yard. Now when a horse has lived for ¹⁰ twenty years or so, it is sad enough to face these things. But at eight years to see the glue factory close at hand is enough to make a horse wish he had never been born.

For many weary months Skipper pulled that ¹⁵ crazy cart, with its hateful jangle of bells, about the city streets and suburban roads, while the man with the faded hair roared through his matted beard: "Buy old rags, old rags! Buy ²⁰ old rags, old rags! Old bottles! Old copper! Old iron! Waste paper!"

The lump on Skipper's hock kept growing bigger and bigger. It seemed as if the darts of pain shot from hoof to flank with every step. Big hol-

lows came over his eyes. You could see his ribs as plainly as the hoops on a pork barrel. Yet six days in the week he went on long trips and brought back heavy loads of junk. On Sunday he hauled the junk man and his family about the city.

Once the junk man tried to drive Skipper into one of the park entrances. Then, for the first time in his life, Skipper balked. The junk man pounded and used such language as you might expect from a junk man, but all to no use. Skipper took the beating with lowered head, but go through the gate he would not. So the junk man gave it up, although he seemed very anxious to join the line of gay carriages which were rolling in.

as sort'ed, of various kinds; distrib'ute, to scatter; unkempt', uncombed; bar'rier, a fence or bar; shanty, a small, ill-built house of one or two rooms; rick'et y, decayed, ready to fall to pieces; dished, thrown out of shape.

Tell in your own words the story of Skipper's second year in the city.

1. Life with the grocery man. 2. Life with the apple man. 3. Life with the junk man.

4

SKIPPER (*Concluded*)

SOON after this there came a break in the daily routine. One morning Skipper was not led out as usual. In fact, no one came near him, and he could hear no voices in the near-by shanty. Skipper decided that he would take a day off himself. By backing against the door he readily pushed it open, for the stable was insecure.

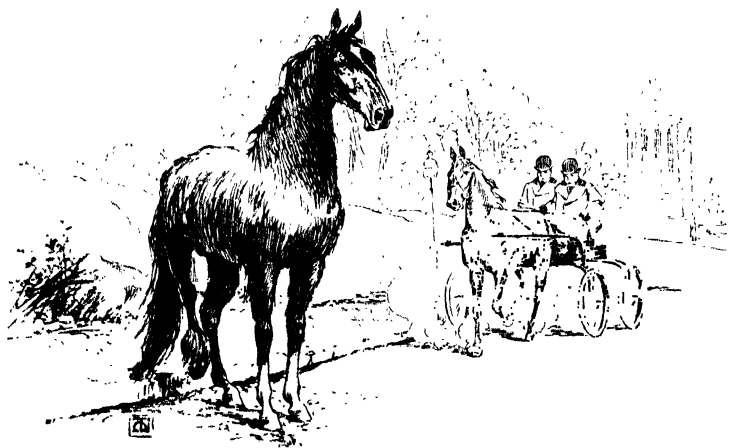
Once at liberty, he climbed the roadway that led out of the lot. It was late in the fall, but there was still short sweet winter grass to be found along the gutters. For a while he nibbled at this hungrily. Then a queer idea came to Skipper. Perhaps the passing of a smartly groomed saddle horse was the cause.

At any rate, Skipper left off nibbling grass. He hobbled out to the edge of the road, turned so as to face the opposite side, and held up his head. There he stood just as he used to stand when he was the pride of the mounted squad. He was on post once more.

20

Few people were passing, and none seemed to

notice him. Yet he was an odd figure. His coat was shaggy and weather-stained. It looked patched and faded. The spavined hock caused one hind quarter to sag somewhat, but aside from that his pose was strictly according to regulations.



Skipper had been playing at standing post for a half hour, when a trotting dandy, who sported ankle boots and toe weights, pulled up before him. He was drawing a light, bicycle-wheeled road wagon in which were two men.

“Queer!” one of the men was saying.

"Can't say I see anything queer about it, captain. Some old plug that's got away from a squatter; that's all I see in it."

"Well, let's have a look," said the other. He stared hard at Skipper for a moment and then, in a loud, sharp tone, said:—

"Tenshun! Right dress!"

Skipper pricked up his ears, raised his head, and side-stepped stiffly. The trotting dandy turned and looked curiously at him. 10

"Forward!" said the man in the wagon. Skipper hobbled out into the road.

"Right wheel! Halt! I thought so," said the man, as Skipper obeyed the orders. "That fellow has been on the force. He was stand-15
ing post. Looks mighty familiar, too—white stockings on two fore legs, white star on forehead. Now I wonder if that can be—here, hold the reins a minute."

Going up to Skipper the man patted his nose 20
once or twice, and then pushed his nozzle to one side. Skipper ducked and countered. He had not forgotten his boxing trick. The man turned his back and began to pace down the road.

Skipper followed and picked up a riding glove which the man dropped.

“Doyle,” said the man, as he walked back to the wagon, “two years ago that was the finest horse
5 on the force—took the blue ribbon at the garden. Alderman Martin would give one thousand dollars for him as he stands. He has hunted the state for him. You remember Martin,—Reddy Martin,—who used to be on the mounted squad! Didn’t
10 you hear? An old uncle who made a fortune as a building contractor died about a year ago, and left it all to Reddy. He’s got a fine country place up in Westchester and is in the city government. Just elected this fall. But he isn’t happy
15 because he can’t find his old horse—and here’s the horse.”

Next day an astonished junk man stood before an empty shanty which served as a stable and feasted his eyes on a fifty-dollar bank
20 note.

If you are ever up in Westchester County, be sure to visit the stables of Alderman P. Sarsfield Martin. Ask to see that oak-paneled box stall with the stained-glass windows and the porcelain

feed box. You will notice a polished brass name plate on the door bearing this inscription:—

SKIPPER

You may meet the alderman himself, wearing an English-made riding suit, riding comfortably along on a sleek bay gelding with two white fore legs and a white star on his forehead. Yes, high-priced veterinaries can cure spavin—Alderman Martin says so.

—SEWELL FORD: *Horses Nine*.¹

regulations, rules; veterinary, a horse doctor.

When Skipper escaped from the junk man's shanty why did he stand "on post"? Why did the police captain notice him? How did he prove who Skipper really was? What had become of Reddy? Tell why you like him. Describe Skipper's new home with Alderman Martin.

¹ By arrangement with Charles Scribner's Sons.



5

HOW BUCK SAVED HIS MASTER

[Buck was a California dog that had been stolen from his master at the time when gold was discovered in Alaska. His life in Alaska was wild and hard, and at last, when he had been nearly worked and starved to death, John Thornton saved him from a cruel master and nursed him back to life.

Circle City was a mining town in Alaska, and Pete and Hans were Thornton's partners in work. Nig and Skeet were two other dogs belonging to Thornton.]

It was at Circle City, before the year was out, that Pete's fears were realized. "Black" Burton, a man of evil temper, had been picking a quarrel with a tenderfoot at the bar, when Thornton stepped good-naturedly between. Buck, as was his custom, was lying in a corner, head on paws, watching his master's every action. Burton struck out, without warning, straight from the shoulder. Thornton was sent spinning, and saved himself from falling only by clutching the rail of the bar.

Those who were looking on heard what was neither bark nor yelp, but a something which is best described as a roar, and they saw Buck's body rise up in the air as he left the floor to fly at

Burton's throat. The man saved his life by instinctively throwing up his arm, but was hurled backward to the floor with Buck on top of him. Buck loosed his teeth from the flesh of the arm, and drove in again for the throat. This time the man succeeded only in partly blocking him, and his throat was torn open. Then the crowd was upon Buck, and he was driven off; but while a surgeon checked the bleeding, he prowled up and down, growling furiously, attempting to rush in, and being forced back by a row of clubs. A "miners' meeting," called on the spot, decided that the dog had done right, and Buck was discharged. But his reputation was made, and from that day his name spread through every camp in Alaska. 15

Later on, in the fall of the year, he saved John Thornton's life in quite another fashion. The three partners were lining a long and narrow poling boat down a bad stretch of rapids on the Forty-mile Creek. Hans and Pete moved along the bank, snubbing with a thin Manila rope from tree to tree, while Thornton remained in the boat, helping its descent by means of a pole, and shouting directions to the shore. Buck, on the bank,

worried and anxious, kept abreast of the boat, his eyes never off his master.

At a particularly bad spot, where a ledge of barely covered rocks jutted out into the river, Hans cast off the rope, and, while Thornton poled the boat out into the stream, ran down the bank with the end in his hand to snub the boat when it had cleared the ledge. This it did, and was flying down stream in a current as swift as a mill race, when Hans checked it with the rope and checked too suddenly. The boat turned over and snubbed into the bank bottom up, while Thornton, flung sheer out of it, was carried down stream toward the worst part of the rapids, a stretch of wild water in which no swimmer could live.

Buck had sprung in on the instant; and at the end of three hundred yards, amid a mad swirl of water, he overtook Thornton. When he felt him grasp his tail, Buck headed for the bank, swimming with all his splendid strength. But the progress toward the shore was slow; the progress down stream amazingly rapid. From below came the fatal roaring where the wild current grew wilder and was rent in threads and spray by the

rocks which thrust through like the teeth of an enormous comb. The suck of the water as it took the beginning of the last steep pitch was frightful, and Thornton knew that to reach the shore was impossible. He scraped furiously over a rock, 5 bruised across a second, and struck a third with crushing force. He clutched its slippery top with both hands, releasing Buck, and above the roar of the churning water shouted, "Go, Buck! Go!"

Buck could not hold his own, and swept on down 10 stream, struggling desperately, but unable to get back. When he heard Thornton's command repeated, he partly reared out of the water, throwing his head high as though for a last look, then, turning, obediently swam toward the bank. He 15 swam powerfully, and was dragged ashore by Pete and Hans at the very point where swimming ceased to be possible and destruction began.

They knew that the time a man could cling to a slippery rock in the face of that driving current 20 was a matter of minutes, and they ran as fast as they could up the bank to a point far above where Thornton was hanging on. They attached the line with which they had been snubbing the boat

to Buck's neck and shoulders, being careful that it should neither strangle him nor interfere with his swimming, and launched him in the stream. He struck out boldly, but not straight enough into the stream. He discovered the mistake too late, when Thornton was abreast of him and a bare half-dozen strokes away, while he was being carried helplessly past.

Hans promptly snubbed with the rope, as though Buck were a boat. The rope thus tightened on him in the sweep of the current, he was jerked under the surface, and under the surface he remained till his body struck against the bank and he was hauled out. He was half drowned, and Hans and Pete threw themselves upon him, pounding the breath into him and the water out of him. He staggered to his feet and fell down. The faint sound of Thornton's voice came to them, and though they could not make out the words of it, they knew that he was near the end of his strength. His master's voice acted on Buck like an electric shock. He sprang to his feet and ran up the bank ahead of the men to the point from which he had first started.



BUCK SAVES HIS MASTER

Again the rope was attached and he was launched, and again he struck out, but this time straight into the stream. He had made a mistake once, but he would not be guilty of it a second time. 5 Hans paid out the rope, permitting no slack, while Pete kept it clear of coils. Buck held on till he was on a line straight above Thornton; then he turned, and, with the speed of an express train, headed down upon him. Thornton saw him coming, and, 10 as Buck struck him like a battering-ram, with the whole force of the current behind him, he reached up and closed with both arms around the shaggy neck. Hans snubbed the rope around the tree, and Buck and Thornton were jerked under the 15 water. Strangling, suffocating, sometimes one uppermost and sometimes the other, dragging over the jagged bottom, smashing against rocks and snags, they veered in to the bank.

Thornton came to, face downward, and being 20 violently rolled back and forth across a drift log by Hans and Pete. His first glance was for Buck, over whose limp and apparently lifeless body Nig was setting up a howl, while Skeet was licking the wet face and closed eyes. Thornton was himself

bruised and battered; but he went carefully over Buck's body, when he had been brought around, and found three broken ribs.

— Adapted from JACK LONDON: *The Call of the Wild*.

ten'der foot, a man not hardened to rough pioneer life; **instinctively**, without stopping to think; **suffocate**, to smother, **snubbing**, tying or drawing a boat by a rope from the bank.

I. Tell how Buck saved Thornton's life in the barroom.

1. Why Thornton interfered with Black Burton.

2. What Burton did.

3. What Buck did.

4. What the "miners' meeting" was.

5. Why they "discharged" Buck.

II. Tell how Buck saved Thornton the **second time**.

1. Where they were.

2. What they were doing.

3. What happened to Thornton.

4. Why he was in great danger.

5. What Buck did.

6. Why Thornton sent him back to shore alone.

7. How Buck failed to save Thornton in his first attempt with the rope.

8. How he succeeded in his second attempt.

9. How Thornton and Buck were brought back to **consciousness**.

III. Draw a quick sketch of the river and river bank at this point of the story.

6

BUCK'S TRIAL OF STRENGTH

[One day John Thornton and other miners were bragging about their favorite dogs, and Thornton thoughtlessly said that Buck could draw a sled loaded with one thousand pounds of flour. Matthewson had challenged him to prove it, and Thornton, though afraid it would be too much for Buck, was ashamed to refuse, and decided to let Buck try to draw a load that Matthewson's team of ten dogs had been drawing.]

THE team of ten dogs was unhitched, and Buck, with his own harness, was put into the sled. He had felt the general excitement, and he felt that in some way he must do a great thing for John
5 Thornton. Murmurs of admiration at his splendid appearance went up. He was in perfect condition, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and the one hundred and fifty pounds that he weighed were so many pounds of grit and virility. His
10 furry coat shone with the sheen of silk. Down the neck and across the shoulders, his mane, in repose as it was, half bristled and seemed to lift with every movement, as though excess of vigor made each particular hair alive and active. The

great breast and heavy fore legs were no more than in proportion with the rest of the body, where the muscles showed in tight rolls underneath the skin. Men felt these muscles and proclaimed them hard as iron, and the odds went 5 down two to one.

"Sir, sir," stuttered a member of the latest dynasty, a king of the Skookam Benches. "I offer you eight hundred for him, sir, before the test, sir; eight hundred just as he stands." 10

Thornton shook his head and stepped to Buck's side.

"You must stand off from him," Matthewson protested. "Free play and plenty of room."

The crowd fell silent; only could be heard the 15 voices of the crowd vainly offering two to one. Everybody acknowledged Buck a magnificent animal, but twenty fifty-pound sacks of flour bulked too large in their eyes for them to loosen their pouch strings. 20

Thornton knelt down by Buck's side. He took his head into his two hands and rested cheek on cheek. He did not playfully shake him, as he was wont, or murmur soft love curses; but he

whispered in his ear. "As you love me, Buck. As you love me," was what he whispered. Buck whined with suppressed eagerness.

The crowd was watching curiously. The affair
5 was growing mysterious. It seemed like a con-
jururation. As Thornton got to his feet, Buck
seized his mittened hand between his jaws, press-
ing in with his teeth and releasing slowly, half-
reluctantly. It was the answer, in terms, not of
10 speech, but of love. Thornton stepped well back.

"Now, Buck," he said.

Buck tightened the traces, then slacked them
for a matter of several inches. It was the way
he had learned.

15 "Gee!" Thornton's voice rang out, sharp in the
tense silence.

Buck swung to the right, ending the movement
in a plunge that took up the slack, and, with a
sudden jerk, arrested his one hundred and fifty
20 pounds. The load quivered, and from under the
runners arose a crisp crackling.

"Haw!" Thornton commanded.

Buck duplicated the maneuver, this time to
the left. The crackling turned into a snapping,

the sled pivoting and the runners slipping and grating several inches to the side. The sled was broken out. Men were holding their breaths, intensely unconscious of the fact.

“Now, MUSH!”

Thornton's command cracked out like a pistol shot. Buck threw himself forward, tightening the traces with a jarring lunge. His whole body was gathered tightly together in a tremendous effort, the muscles writhing and knotting like live¹⁰ things under the silky fur. His great chest was low to the ground, his head forward and down, while his feet were flying like mad, the claws scarring the hard-packed snow in grooves. The sled swayed and trembled, half-started forward.¹⁵ One of his feet slipped, and one man groaned aloud. Then the sled lurched ahead in what appeared a rapid succession of jerks, though it really never came to a dead stop again — half an inch — an inch — two inches. The jerks became less;²⁰ as the sled gained momentum, he caught them up, till it was moving steadily along.

Men gasped and began to breathe again, unaware that for a moment they had ceased to breathe.

Thornton was running behind, encouraging Buck with short, cheery words. The distance had been measured off, and as he neared the pile of firewood which marked the end of the hundred yards, a cheer began to grow and grow, which burst into a roar as he passed the firewood and halted at command. Every man was tearing himself loose, even Matthewson, who had lost his wager. Hats and mittens were flying in the air. Men were shaking hands, it did not matter with whom, and bubbling over in a general incoherent babel. But Thornton fell on his knees beside Buck. Head was against head, and he was shaking him back and forth.

“I’ll give you a thousand for him, sir, a thousand, sir,” sputtered the Skookum Bench king, “twelve hundred, sir.”

Thornton rose to his feet. His eyes were wet. The tears were streaming frankly down his cheeks. “Sir,” he said to the Skookum Bench king, “no, sir. You can hold your tongue, sir. It’s the best I can do for you, sir.”

Buck seized Thornton’s hand in his teeth. Thornton shook him back and forth. As though

moved by a common feeling, the onlookers drew back to a respectful distance; nor did they again interrupt.

— Adapted from JACK LONDON: *The Call of the Wild*.

super'fluous, more than enough; **viril'ity**, strength; **dy'nasty**, a line of kings or rulers; **con'juration**, a magic spell or incantation; **reluc'tantly**, unwillingly; **du'plicate**, to double or repeat; **ma neu'ver** (noe') a movement, a plan of action; **par'allel**, side by side; **mo men'tum**, force; **in-co-he'rent**, confused; **ba'bel**, a mixture of noises; from the story of the confusion of languages at the Tower of Babel, in the Old Testament; **tense**, strained, eager; **lurch**, to move uncertainly, or irregularly; **piv'ot**, to turn as on a prop.

Read the first paragraph again. Shut your eyes and imagine just how Buck looked. Why did the Skookum Bench king offer eight hundred dollars for him? How did Thornton make Buck want to do his very best? How did Buck show his eagerness to please Thornton? Imagine yourself to be one of the men who watched Buck do this wonderful thing.

Oral Exercise. — Read the following sentences: —

Go, Buck, go.

Send the dog to me.

Bring the puppy to me to-morrow.

Please let me have the sled.

What does each of these sentences do? What do we call such a sentence?

Definitions to be Memorized. — A command is a sentence used to give an order or make an entreaty.

Most written commands end with a period.

Written Exercises. — From page 4 of *Skipper* and page 38 of *Buck's Trial of Strength* select and copy six commands, being sure to punctuate them correctly.

Using the words, **bring, run, hurry, please, come**, write five commands.

Exclamations. — Read the following sentences : —

Oh, isn't the storm dreadful !

You have come early !

See, what a beautiful bluebird that is !

I am so glad to see you !

Don't you dare hurt my kittens !

What does each of these sentences express ?

What do we call such a sentence ?

Definitions to be Memorized. — An exclamation is a sentence used to express sudden feeling, as fear, surprise, joy, or anger.

Every exclamation should end with an exclamation mark (!).

Written Exercises. — From Part I of *Skipper* select and copy six exclamations.

Using the words **fun, hurry, lovely, fearful**, write four exclamations, being sure to punctuate correctly.

Dictation. — Study so you can write from dictation paragraph 2, page 6.

Notice particularly the punctuation and the use of capitals.

7

BETH GELERT

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn ;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast, 5
And gave a louder cheer ;
“Come, Gelert, why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear ?

“Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race ? 10
So true, so brave — a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase.”

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved, 15
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat, 20
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet. 20

But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood !

5 Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise :
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed
10 (And on went Gelert, too),
And still where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood gouts shocked his view !

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The bloodstained cover rent ;
15 And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child — no voice replied ;
He searched with terror wild ;
Blood ! blood ! he found on every side,
20 But nowhere found his child !

“Hell-hound! by thee my child’s devoured!”

The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert’s side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell, 5
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert’s dying yell,
Passed heavy o’er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert’s dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh; 10
What words the parent’s joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Concealed beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep, 15
His cherub-boy he kissed!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread;
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death! 20

Oh! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
The gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

8 Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue!"

10 And now a gallant tomb they raised,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved,
15 Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
And oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
20 Poor Gelert's dying yell.

Beth Gel'ert, the grave of Gelert; **brach**, a female hound; **boot'y**, game; **hied**, went; **por'tal**, gate; **es pied'**, saw; **a ghas't'**, frightened, shocked; **gouts**, clots; **fægs**, long, sharp teeth; **guise**, appearance, manner; **rent**, torn; **be sprent'**, sprinkled; **s'p'pli ant**, one who begs for mercy; **im part'**, inspire, cause; **nigh**, near; **fran'tic**, wild, crazy; **rue**, regret; **gal'lant**, fine; **decked**, ornamented; **sto'ried**, having stories carved on them; **fan'cy**, imagination.

8

THE HOUND OF THE PLAINS

A PICTURE of the great plains is incomplete without a coyote or two hurrying through the distance. The coyote is a wolf, about two thirds the size of the well-known European species represented in North America by the big gray or timber wolf. He has a long lean body, legs a trifle short, but strong and active; a head more fox-like than wolfish, for the nose is long and pointed; yellow eyes set in spectacle frames of black eyelids; and hanging, tan-trimmed ears that may be erected, giving an air of alertness to their wearer; a tail



(straight as a pointer's) also fox-like, for it is bushy; and a shaggy, large-maned, wind-ruffled, dust-gathering coat of dingy white, touched with tawny brown, or often decidedly brindled.

5 "Blown out of the prairie in twilight and dew,
Half bold and half timid, yet lazy all through,

* * * * *

"Lop-eared and large-jointed, but ever, always,
A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray."

Such is the coyote of the plains: an Ishmaelite
10 of the desert; companion of rattlesnake and
vulture; the tyrant of the weak; once a hanger-
on upon the flanks of the buffalo herds, and now
the pest of the cattlemen and sheep herders; the
outcast of his own race, and despised by mankind.
15 Withal, he maintains himself, and his tribe in-
creases. He outstrips animals fleetlier than himself.
He foils those of far greater strength than his
own. He excels all rivals in cunning and intelli-
gence. He furnishes the Indian with a breed of
20 domestic dogs, and makes an interesting exhibit
in menageries and trick shows.

The coyote is little known at present east of the bunch-grass plains. In early days, however, he was common enough in the open country of Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, and northward, whence he received the names "prairie wolf," "red" and "barking" wolf. Threading the passes regardless of altitude, he wanders among all the foothills of the Western mountains, and dwells too plentifully



in the Californian valleys, thriving upon what he can steal from the ranch yards and corrals, and on the young calves or lambs that he is now and then able to steal from the flock. Hence he there passes his life continually on guard against guns, traps, and poison.

In the United States and the Canadian Northwest, he is a creature of the open country, leaving high mountains and forested regions to the

large gray "mountain" or "timber" wolf. Perhaps this is less his choice than his necessity, for in Mexico and Central America he seeks his food more often in forests and elsewhere, yet keeps his cunning and cowardice, and becomes there the wild dog of the jungles, as in the North he is the hound of the plains.

When this wolf cannot find a natural hollow in the earth to suit him, nor drive out some unhappy hare, prairie dog, or badger, he digs for himself a dry burrow, or prepares a den among loose rocks. In such a den as this the mother coyote takes care of from five to eight puppies, and at this time the father works his hardest to get food for his family. In his hunting he must drive his game as near as possible to his home, so his mate and babies may share in the feast.

A remarkable picture of this was given some years ago in an English magazine by a traveler, who, in one of the best "animal chapters" it has ever been my privilege to read, described a chase of this kind as witnessed by him in the grand forests near Lake Nicaragua.

The traveler and his Indian hunter companion

had discovered, just before encamping for the night, that a band of coyotes was on the hunt in the neighborhood, and were aroused before daylight next morning by the sudden outburst from their clamorous throats. 5

“Their musical cry, reckless and unguarded now, resounded from hill to hill, and echoed in the deep forest. All at once it burst upon the ear, as if some messenger from the front had just arrived. Past the lower ridge, down the forest to our left, 10 swept the pack, each hound seeming to rival the other in noisy glee. Across the wind they galloped, and the rising gusts bore to us that cheery music long after they had passed far away through the long glades and green savannas. 15

“At length,” he continues, “I fancied the breeze brought a faint clamor, as of dogs upon the scent. Five minutes more and a tall buck, his coat all staring and wet, his tongue hanging low, bounded across a rocky stream choked with big-leaved 20 plants, which crossed one of the glades within my sight. He vanished in the forest. And now there was no possibility of mistake. The distant cry of the pack came each instant louder to the ear;

at top speed they swept along the trail, heads up high and bushy tails waving. They followed over the stream without a check, and disappeared under the arches of the wood. Presently I heard the
5 crushing of undergrowth and threw myself flat upon the ground. Laboring terribly, the buck broke cover at the foot of the ridge, and ran along the forest on my left. The coyotes' triumphant cry rang louder and louder, and then they, too,
10 appeared, running as fresh as at the beginning of the chase. They dashed along in a compact mass, eight or ten couple of grown dogs, and toiling after were a dozen sturdy pups of all ages. These had plainly joined the chase only a few moments be-
15 fore, for they were playing and biting one another.

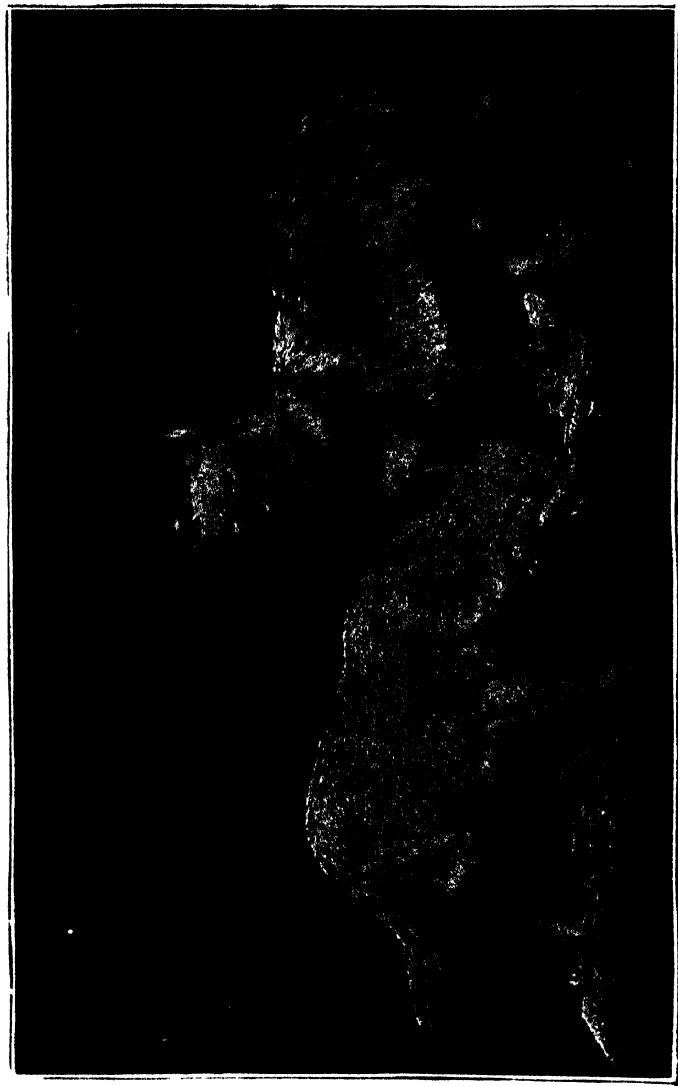
"I rose to my feet and watched with the greatest interest, for it seemed certain that the buck must have overrun the coyotes' trail and his own scent. My guess was correct. On the edge of
20 the forest a big old dog, which had led the pack, raised his muzzle and howled. Each hound stood still, and then I could mark that some of the finest animals were much more blown than the others, thus showing that the game had been turned by a

forced gallop. The leader sniffed about for a moment, then uttered a sharp whine, on which the pack opened like a fan, while the whelps sank far into the rear. Scarcely had the last dog vanished in the undergrowth, nose and tail to earth, when a short challenge rang out. There was a moment's pause, while the old dog verified the fact, I suppose. A bolder cry proclaimed that all was well, and the pups, which had been standing still as statues in their places, dashed off into the wood. Then the music of the pack broke out again; they swept under the mysterious trees, and I saw them no more."

co yó'té; **spē'cies**, kind; **a lert'ness**, watchfulness; **vag'a bond**, an idler without means; **Ish'mael ite**, an outcast; **al'ti tude**, height; **cor ral'**, the circle or inclosure into which cattle are driven by the ranchmen; **clam'or ous**, noisy; **sa van'na**, a large, open plain, covered with grass; **ver'ify**, to make sure, to confirm; **glade**, an open place in a forest.

Dictation. — Study so you can write from dictation (1) the four lines of poetry about the coyote; (2) the first five lines of the traveler's story.

Notice spelling, arrangement, use of capitals, and punctuation.



A FAMILY OF COYOTES

From a photograph of a mounted group in the National Museum at Washington

9

THE HOUND OF THE PLAINS (*Concluded*)

HIS game and its getting are not always so noble as this, however, and the coyote knows well the pinch of famine, especially in winter. It has been remarked that the main object of his life seems to be the satisfying of a hunger which is always craving; and to this aim all his cunning, impudence, and audacity are mainly directed. Nothing comes amiss. Though by no means the swiftest-footed quadruped upon the plains, he runs down the deer, pronghorn, and others, tiring them out by trickery¹⁰ and overcoming them by numbers. The buffalo formerly afforded him an unfailing supply in the way of carrion and fragments left by the timber wolves, who steadily followed the herds and seized upon weak or aged stragglers, and upon any¹⁵ calves that they were able to "cut out" and pull down. In such piracy the coyotes themselves engaged whenever they saw an opportunity, although it tried their highest powers; and success, when attained, followed a system of tireless worrying.²⁰ The poor bison or elk upon which they concen-

trated might trample and gore half the pack, but the rest would stay by him and finally nag him to exhaustion and death.

Far less worthy game attracts him, however. In California and New Mexico he has become so destructive to the sheep that constant war is waged upon him by the ranchmen. In Kansas and Nebraska he is accused of making havoc among the domestic poultry, but it is quite likely he gets the blame for the sins of foxes, weasels, and skunks. Similar misdeeds were justly charged against him by the farmers of Illinois and Wisconsin, when, fifty years ago, the prairies of those states were the frontier. Two or three times a year, therefore, a general holiday would be declared, and a wolf hunt organized, in which volunteers from all the surrounding settlements would gather, form a circle miles in diameter around the spot to which the game was to be driven, and then, marching forward, would concentrate until they had corralled the animals into a small district. Such hunts would result in the destruction of great numbers, not only of prairie wolves, but also of lynxes, polecats, and other "vermin," and

free the neighborhood of these pests for that season at least, besides being the occasion of a social merrymaking rare enough to be keenly enjoyed among the frontiersmen.

Under the pangs of great hunger these small wolves are forced to a boldness of which they are incapable under ordinary circumstances. Thus I have known them to come repeatedly within pistol range of my camp fire in southern California, and hunters tell me that they have been known to pull,¹⁰ or try to pull, the boots or the leather straps of a saddle from under the head of a slumbering camper. A hunter records that when, for two days and nights, his party had kept possession of some solitary springs in an arid part of Arizona, the¹⁵ coyotes became so desperate from thirst that they would come to drink while men and mules were at the spring.

In the account of their habits in Nicaragua, to which I have already referred, is included the opin-²⁰ion of the Indian who was with the writer, and who evidently held this wolf in higher respect than do those of us who know the animal only on the plains.

"You see," says Manuelo, "they are not like other beasts, afraid of fire. . . They cluster round it at night, and the larger your fire, the more coyotes. Ay! there's cause for fear when one is alone and the pack is out. They're worse than tigers or the cowardly punas, though there are few who believe it. They come sneaking up through the black glades, noiseless and silent, and they squat on their haunches and their eyes shine like stars. They watch and wait and will not be



driven off. You shoot one, but others come. They sit like ghosts—like pale devils—round your fire. Ah! I tell you,

señor, it is terrible to be beset by coyotes!

"Hour by hour they sit there, just out of reach, in a circle around you. It is a nightmare! From very weariness you doze off and, waking with a horrid start, you shout to see how near the devils have crept. As you spring up they slink back

again, and take the former ring, licking their foxy jaws, but making no sound. And you — you rush at them; and they glide away and vanish on the instant in the black undergrowth. But, as you return, they come forth again, they sit down, and stare with never a wink in their green eyes. It is terrible, señor!”

— Adapted from ERNEST INGERSOLL: *Wild Neighbors*.

au dac'ty, boldness; **quad'ru ped**, a four-footed animal; **prong'horn**, an antelope; **car'ion**, decaying flesh.

After reading this story all through answer the following questions: —

Point out on the map the home of the coyote. In what ways is he different from the big gray wolf: 1. In appearance? 2. In character?

The fact that the coyote is found in “trick shows” teaches us what about him?

Why is it so much harder for him to get a living now than before 1850? Where does he make his den for his young? What kinds of food do he and his family eat? Describe his different ways of getting it: —

1. When he hunts alone. 2. In a pack.

When is he driven to be brave? What may be the reason for his being braver when he lives in the wooded hills than when on the open plains? In Manuelo's story what words are used to show how the coyote moves?

*From the collection for the Bureau*

10

HUNTING SONG

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been, 5
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
 “Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greensward haste away; 10
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay. 15
 “Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee
Run a course as well as we; 20
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

— WALTER SCOTT.

balk, to check ; **stanch**, strong.

Before you study this poem ask your teacher to read it in concert with you.

In what country do you think this hunt took place? Prove your judgment in all the ways you can. Read aloud the lines which tell you what time of day it is. Name all the things which are moving in this poem. What sounds do you hear? Why are the hunters sure that they will bring the buck "to bay"? Why does Scott advise the lords and ladies to rise early? Read your favorite lines.

11

HUNTING SONG

Up, up! ye dames and lasses gay!

To the meadows trip away.

'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,

And scare the small birds from the corn.

5 Not a soul at home may stay :

For the shepherds must go

With lance and bow

To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house

10 To the cricket and the mouse :

Find grannam out a sunny seat,

With babe and lambkin at her feet.

Nct a soul at home may stay :
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



grannam, grandmother.

Compare this hunt in as many ways as you can with the one Scott tells us about: 1. Where the hunt is. 2. What time of day it is. 3. Who the hunters are. 4. Why they hunt. On which hunt would you rather go—on this one, Scott's hunt, or the Western farmers' hunt described in *The Hound of the Plains*? Give your reasons for your choice. Choose the stanza which you like best in these two hunting songs, and study it until you can write it from memory.

12

THE JACKAL AND THE PARTRIDGE

A JACKAL and a Partridge swore eternal friendship; but the Jackal was very exacting and jealous. "You don't do half as much for me as I do for you," he used to say, "and yet you talk a great deal of your friendship. Now my idea of a friend is one who is able to make me laugh or cry, give me a good meal, or save my life if need be. You couldn't do that!"

10 "Let us see," answered the Partridge; "follow me at a little distance, and if I don't make you laugh soon, you may eat me!"

15 So she flew on till she met two travelers trudging along, one behind the other. They were both footsore and weary,

and the first carried his bundle on a stick over his shoulder, while the second had his shoes in his hand.



Lightly as a feather the Partridge settled on the first traveler's stick. He, none the wiser, trudged on; but the second traveler, seeing the bird sitting so tamely just in front of his nose, said to himself, "What a chance for a supper!" and he immediately flung his shoes at it, they being ready to hand. Whereupon the Partridge flew away, and the shoes knocked off the first traveler's turban.

"What in the world do you mean?" cried he, angrily, turning on his companion. "Why did you throw your shoes at my head?"

"Brother," replied the other, mildly, "do not be vexed. I didn't throw them at you, but at a Partridge that was sitting on your stick."

"On my stick! Do you take me for a fool?"¹⁵ shouted the injured man, in a rage. "Don't tell me such cock-and-bull stories. First you insult me, and then you lie like a coward; but I'll teach you manners!"

Then he fell upon his fellow-traveler without²⁰ more ado, and they fought until they could not see out of their eyes, till their noses were bleeding, their clothes in rags, and the Jackal had nearly died of laughing.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the Partridge of her friend.

"Well," answered the Jackal, "you have certainly made me laugh, but I doubt if you could
5 make me cry. It is easy enough to be a buffoon
it is more difficult to excite the higher emotions."

"Let us see," retorted the Partridge, somewhat piqued; "there is a huntsman with his dogs coming along the road. Just creep into that hollow
10 tree and watch me; if you don't weep scalding tears, you must have no feeling in you!"

The Jackal did as he was bid, and watched the Partridge, who began fluttering about the bushes till the dogs caught sight of her, when she flew to
15 the hollow tree where the Jackal was hidden. Of course the dogs smelt him at once, and set up such a yelping and scratching that the huntsman came up, and seeing what it was, dragged the Jackal out by the tail. Whereupon the dogs
20 worried him to their hearts' content, and finally left him for dead.

By and by he opened his eyes—for he was only foxing—and saw the Partridge sitting on a branch above him.

“Did you cry?” she asked anxiously. “Did I rouse your higher emo—”

“Be quiet, will you!” snarled the Jackal; “I’m half dead with fear!”

So there the Jackal lay for some time, getting the better of his bruises, and meanwhile he became hungry.

“Now is the time for friendship,” said he to the Partridge. “Get me a good dinner, and I will acknowledge you are a true friend.”

“Very well!” replied the Partridge; “only watch me, and help yourself when the time comes.”

Just then a troop of women came by, carrying their husbands’ dinners to the harvest field.

The Partridge gave a little plaintive cry, and began fluttering along from bush to bush as if she were wounded.

“A wounded bird! a wounded bird!” cried the women; “we can easily catch it!”

Whereupon they set off in pursuit; but the



cunning Partridge played a thousand tricks, till they became so excited over the chase that they



put their bundles on the ground in order to pursue it more nimbly. The Jackal, meanwhile, seizing his opportunity, crept up, and made off with a good dinner.

10 “Are you satisfied now?” asked the Partridge.

“Well,” returned the Jackal, “I confess you have given me a very good dinner; you have also made me laugh—and cry—ahem! But, after all, the great test of friendship is beyond
15 you—you couldn’t save my life!”

“Perhaps not,” agreed the Partridge, mournfully, “I am so weak and small. But it grows late—we should be going home; and as it is a long way round by the ford, let us go across the
20 river. My friend the Crocodile will carry us over.”

Accordingly, they set off for the river, and the Crocodile kindly consented to carry them across, so they sat on his broad back and he ferried them over. But just as they were in the middle of the

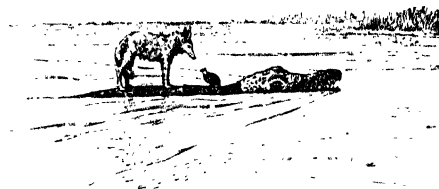
stream the Partridge remarked: "I believe the Crocodile intends to play us a trick. How awkward if he were to drop you into the water!"

"Awkward for you, too!" replied the Jackal, turning pale.

"Not at all! not at all! I have wings; you haven't."

On this the Jackal shivered and shook with fear; and when the Crocodile, in a grewsome growl, remarked that he was hungry and wanted a good meal, the wretched creature hadn't a word to say.

"Pooh!" cried the Partridge, airily, "don't try tricks on us. I should fly away, and as for my friend the Jackal, you couldn't hurt him. He is not such a fool as to take his life with him on these little excursions; he leaves it at home, locked up in the cupboard."



15

"Is that a fact?" asked the Crocodile, surprised.

"Certainly!" retorted the Partridge. "Try to eat him if you like, but you will only tire yourself to no purpose."

21

"Dear me! how very odd!" gasped the Crocodile; and he was so taken aback that he carried the Jackal safe to shore.

"Well, are you satisfied now?" asked the Partridge.

"My dear madam," quoth the Jackal, "you have made me laugh, you have made me cry, you have given me a good dinner, and you have saved my life; but upon my honor I think you
10 are too clever for a friend; so, good-by!"

And the Jackal never went near the Partridge again.

— FLORA ANNIE STEEL: *Tales of the Punjab*.

cock-and-bull, ridiculous, not to be believed; **buf foon'**, a clown; **piqued**, provoked; **plain'tive**, pitiful; **grew'some**, ghastly, horrible.

Oral Exercise. — Imagine you are in the woods on a nutting picnic. Give a **statement**, a **question**, a **command**, and an **exclamation** which you might use in talking with your companions.

Written Exercise. — From *The Jackal and the Partridge* select and copy three of each kind of sentence, taking care about the margins, capitals, quotation marks, and general punctuation. Use the outline at the top of the next page.

STATEMENTS

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

QUESTIONS

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

COMMANDS

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

EXCLAMATIONS

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

13

THE Man in the Moon as he sails the sky
Is a very remarkable skipper.
But he made a mistake
When he tried to take
A drink of milk from the Dipper. 8

He dipped right into the Milky Way
And slowly and carefully filled it.
The Big Bear growled
And the Little Bear howled,
And scared him so that he spilled it. 21

— OLD RHYME, ANONYMOUS.

Think of a good name for this jingle. Make four or five little pictures to illustrate it.

REVIEW OF SINGLE QUOTATIONS

Oral Exercise. — Select any one of the stories you have read in this book, and be ready to read from it four sentences which contain direct quotations. Then read the direct quotation without the rest of the sentence.

Written Exercise. — Copy and carefully punctuate the following sentences : —

We are building our nest, said Bunny.

The pansies said, We wear velvet gowns.

Come with me little leaves, said the wind one day.

Said the ant to the grasshopper, We ants never borrow.

Can you sail in the air? asked the cloud.

Memorize this rule : —

Every **direct quotation** must begin with a **capital**, be inclosed in **quotation marks**, and be separated from the rest of the sentence by a comma, question mark, or exclamation mark.

Why are quotation marks used around “miners’ meeting” on page 29?

14

THE DESERT

ALL around

To the bound

Of the vast horizon’s round,

All sand, sand, sand.

5 On my camel’s hump I ride,

As he sways from side to side,

With an awkward step and stride,

And his shaggy head uplifted,
And his eye so long and bland.



Not a sound
All around
But the padded beat and bound
Of the feet of the camel on the sand,
O'er the yellow, shifting desert,
So desolately grand.

— W. W. STORY.

ho ri'zon, the line where earth and sky seem to meet ; **des'o-late**, deserted, lonesome.

What words in *The Desert* **sound** like the thing they stand for? What words show motion? What words show color? Study this poem until you can write it from memory.

15

BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river, and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

5 Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

10 Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

16 Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,

Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.



But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—JAMES HOGG.

lea, an open, grass-covered level, a meadow; **ban'ter**, to tease.

How many live things are mentioned in this song? Name the different pictures which the boy gives us. Choose the place where you would like best to be and draw or paint a picture of it.

16

TOM AND THE LOBSTER

[The following story is taken from Charles Kingsley's *Water Babies*, which is "a fairy tale for land babies."

Little Tom, the chimney sweep, while cleaning the chimneys of a great English house, was wrongly suspected of stealing and was chased by men and dogs over the hills and down a mountain into a deep valley. He was dreadfully tired and thirsty and he wanted to be clean, so he listened to the singing of the little valley stream and crawled to its bank. There he tore off his dirty, ragged clothes, plunged into the water and was changed into a tiny water-baby. He journeyed down the stream to the ocean, looking all the way for playfellows, especially for water-babies. One of the friends he made was the lobster in this story.

The author of this story has written other books and poems for children. Perhaps you know "The Lost Doll," and "A Farewell." When you are a little older you will enjoy reading some of his tales of heroism and adventure, such as *Westward Ho!* and *Hereward the Wake*.]

TOM was very happy in the water. He had been sadly overworked in the land-world; so now, to make up for that, he had nothing but holidays in the water-world for a long, long time to come. He had nothing to do now but enjoy himself, and

look at all the pretty things which are to be seen in the cool clear water-world, where the sun is never too hot, and the frost is never too cold.

One day among the rocks he found a playfellow.

It was not a water-baby, alas! but it was a lobster, and a very distinguished lobster he was; for he had live barnacles on his claws, which is a great mark of distinction in lobsterdom, and no more to be bought for money than a good conscience or the Victoria Cross.

10

Tom had never seen a lobster before, and he was mightily taken with this one; for he thought him the most curious, odd, ridiculous creature he had ever seen; and there he was not far wrong; for all the ingenious men, and all the scientific men, and all the fanciful men, in the world, with all the old German boggy-painters into the bargain, could never invent, if all their wits were boiled into one, anything so curious, and so ridiculous, as a lobster.

20

He had one claw knobbed and the other jagged; and Tom delighted in watching him hold on to the seaweed with his knobbed claw, while he cut up salads with his jagged one, and then put them into

his mouth, after smelling at them like a monkey. And always the little barnacles threw out their casting nets and swept the water, and came in for their share of whatever there was for dinner. ✓

5 But Tom was most astonished to see how he fired himself off—snap! like the leapfrogs which you make out of a goose's breastbone. Certainly he took the most wonderful shots, and backwards, too. For, if he wanted to go into a narrow crack
10 ten yards off, what do you think he did? If he had gone in headforemost, of course he could not have turned round. So he used to turn his tail to it, and lay his long horns straight down his back to guide him, and twist his eyes back till they almost
15 came out of their sockets, and then made ready, present, fire, snap!—and away he went, pop into the hole! and peeped out and twiddled his whiskers, as much as to say, "You couldn't do that."

Tom asked him about water-babies. "Yes," he
20 said. "He had seen them often. But he did not think much of them. They were meddlesome little creatures that went about helping fish and shells which got into scrapes. Well, for his part, he should be ashamed to be helped by little, soft

creatures that had not even a shell on their backs. He had lived quite long enough in the world to take care of himself."

He was a conceited fellow, the old lobster, and not very civil to Tom; and you will hear how he had to alter his mind before he was done, as conceited people generally have. But he was so funny, and Tom so lonely, that he could not quarrel with him; and they used to sit in holes in the rocks and chat for hours.

10

• • • • •

One day Tom was going along the rocks in three-fathom water, when all of a sudden he saw a round cage of green withes, and inside it, looking very much ashamed of himself, sat his friend the lobster, twiddling his horns, instead of thumbs.

"What! have you been naughty, and have they put you in the lockup?" asked Tom.

The lobster felt a little indignant at such a notion, but he was too much depressed in spirits to argue; so he only said, "I can't get out."

"Why did you get in?"

"After that nasty piece of dead fish." He had thought it looked and smelt very nice when he was outside, and so it did, for a lobster; but now he turned round and abused it because he was
5 angry with himself.

"Where did you get in?"

"Through that round hole at the top."

"Then why don't you get out through it?"

"Because I can't;" and the lobster twiddled his
10 horns more fiercely than ever, but he was forced to confess.

"I have jumped upwards, downwards, backwards, and sideways, at least four thousand times, and I can't get out: I always get up underneath
15 there, and can't find the hole."

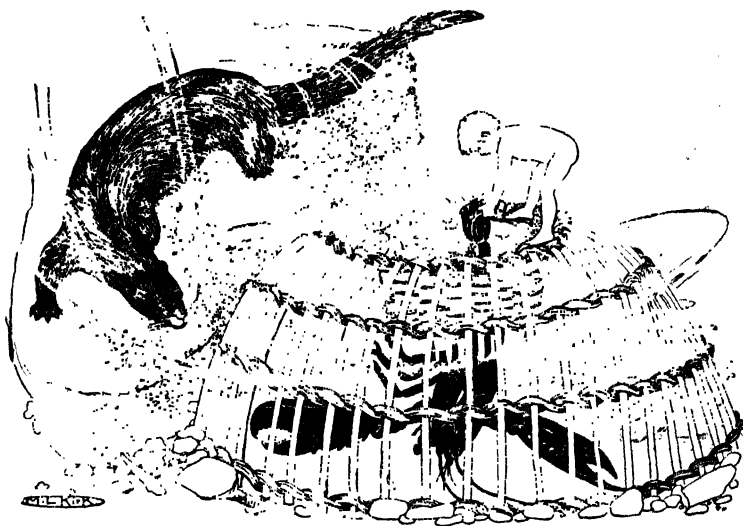
Tom looked at the trap, and, having more wit than the lobster, he saw plainly enough what was the matter; as you may if you look at a lobster-pot.

20 "Stop a bit," said Tom. "Turn your tail up to me, and I'll pull you through hindforemost, and then you won't stick in the spikes."

But the lobster was so stupid and clumsy that he couldn't hit the hole. Like a great many fox-

hunters, he was very sharp as long as he was in his own country; but as soon as they get out of it they lose their heads; and so the lobster, so to speak, lost his tail.

Tom reached and clawed down the hole after 5



him till he caught hold of him; and then, as was to be expected, the clumsy lobster pulled him in headforemost.

“Hullo! here is a pretty business,” said Tom.
“Now take your great claws and break the points 10

off those spikes, and then we shall both get out easily."

"Dear me, I never thought of that!" said the lobster; "and after all the experience of life that I have had!"

You see experience is of very little good unless a man, or a lobster, has wit enough to make use of it.

But they had not got half the spikes away, when they saw a great dark cloud over them; and, lo and behold, it was the otter.

How she did grin and grin when she saw Tom. "Yar!" said she, "you little, meddlesome wretch, I have you now! I will serve you out for telling the salmon where I was!" And she crawled all over the pot to get in.

Tom was horribly frightened, and still more frightened when she found the hole in the top, and squeezed herself right down through it, all eyes and teeth. But no sooner was her head inside than valiant Mr. Lobster caught her by the nose, and held on.

And there they were all three in the pot, rolling over and over, and very tight packing it was.

And the lobster tore at the otter, and the otter tore at the lobster, and both squeezed and thumped poor Tom till he had no breath left in his body; and I don't know what would have happened to him if he had not at last got on the otter's back, and safe out of the hole.

He was right glad when he got out; but he would not desert his friend who had saved him; and the first time he saw his tail uppermost he caught hold of it, and pulled with all his might. 10

But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along," said Tom; "don't you see she is dead?" And so she was quite drowned and dead.

And that was the end of the wicked otter.

But the lobster would not let go. 15

"Come along, you stupid old stick-in-the-mud," cried Tom, "or the fisherman will catch you!" And that was true, for Tom felt some one above beginning to haul up the pot.

But the lobster would not let go. 20

Tom saw the fisherman haul him up to the boat-side, and thought it was all up with him. But when Mr. Lobster saw the fisherman he gave such a furious and tremendous snap that he snapped

out of his hand, and out of the pot, and safe into the sea. But he left his knobbed claw behind him; for it never came into his stupid head to let go after all; so he just shook his claw off as the easier method.

Tom asked the lobster why he never thought of letting go. He said very determinedly that it was a point of honor among lobsters. And so it is.

bar'na cles, small shell animals who fasten themselves in clusters to rocks or to any hard substance; **Vic to'ri a Cross**, a medal given by the English government for an act of great bravery; **bo'gy**, a bugaboo, an ugly imaginary creature; **tremen'dous**, great, terrible.

Review of the Use of Quotation Marks. — Copy page 82 of *Tom and the Lobster*, paragraphs 1 and 5, omitting all quotation marks; then close your book and try to insert them in their proper places. Then let your teacher see if your work is correct, or compare it yourself with the book and correct it.

Divided Quotations. — Sometimes a quotation is divided by words which are not quoted. What do we call such a quotation?

In the following sentences from *The Jackal and the Partridge* are several divided quotations. Find and read aloud just the quoted parts. Read aloud in each sentence the part which divides the quotation: —

1. "You don't do half as much for me as I do for you," he used to say, "and yet you talk a great deal of your friendship."

2. "Let us see," answered the Partridge; "follow me at a little distance, and if I don't make you laugh soon, you may eat me!"

3. "What in the world do you mean?" cried he, angrily, turning on his companion. "Why did you throw your shoes at my head?"

4. "Brother," replied the other, mildly, "do not be vexed; I didn't throw them at you, but at a partridge that was sitting on your stick."

Written Exercise with Dictation.—Copy these sentences, omitting all punctuation marks, then close the book and try to insert them in their right places. Compare and, if necessary, correct the work. Study the correct forms until you are able to write them from dictation.

Copy and punctuate the following sentences:—

1. Awake said the sunshine it is time to get up.

2. Hello Jack Frost shouted North Wind let us take a journey together.

3. O velvet bee whispered Tulip you are a dusty fellow.

4. Winter is coming said Bunny and I must lay up a store of nuts.

5. It is raining said the brook and soon I shall sing a louder song.

Copy the following little poem, memorize it, and be ready in three days to write and punctuate it from memory.

How many things must you study?

a. Spelling.

b. Use of capitals.

c. Arrangement of lines.

d. Punctuation.

BUMBLE-BEE AND CLOVER

CAME a roaring bumble-bee,

Pockets full of money.

"Ah, good morning, Clover sweet,

What's the price of honey?"

5 "Help yourself, sir," Clover said,

"Bumble, you're too funny ;

Never Clover yet so poor

She must sell her honey."

17

THE SALMON

IN the realm of the Northwest wind, flowing
10 down from the southwest slope of Mount Tacoma
is a cold, clear river, fed by the melting snows of
the mountain. This river is the Cowlitz ; and on
its bottom, not many years ago, there lay buried
in the sand a number of little orange-colored
15 globules, each about as large as a pea. These
were not much in themselves, but great in their
possibilities.

The sun shone down through the clear water on

one of these little globules, the ripples of the Cowlitz said over it their incantations, and in it at last awoke a living being.

It was a fish, — a curious little fellow, not half an inch long, with great staring eyes, which made almost half his length, and with a body so transparent that he could not cast a shadow. He was a salmon, a very little salmon; but the water was good, and there were flies and worms and little living creatures in abundance for him to eat, and he soon became a large salmon. Then there were many more little salmon with him, some larger and some smaller than he, and they all had a merry time.

By and by they began to grow restless. They saw that the water rushing by seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere, and it was somehow suggested that its hurry was caused by something good to eat at the other end of its course. Then they all started down the stream, salmon-fashion, which fashion is to get into the current, head upstream, and thus to drift backward as the river sweeps along.

At last they came to where the Cowlitz and the Columbia join and they were almost lost for a

time; for they could find no shores, and the bottom and the top of the water were so far apart. Here they saw other and far larger salmon in the deepest part of the current, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but swimming right upstream just as rapidly as they could. And these great salmon would not stop for them, and would not lie and float with the current. They had no time to talk, even in the simple sign language by which fishes express their ideas, and no time to eat. They had important work before them, and the time was short. So they went on up the river, keeping their great purpose to themselves; and our little salmon from the Cowlitz drifted down the stream with his friends.

By and by the water began to change. It grew denser, and no longer flowed rapidly along; and twice a day it used to turn about and flow the other way. Then the shores disappeared, and the water began to have a richer and nicer flavor than the water of their native Cowlitz.

There were many curious things to see, — crabs with hard shells and savage faces, but so good when crushed and swallowed!

There were great companies of delicate sardines and herring, green and silvery, and it was such fun to chase and catch them. This merry life went on for three long years; and at the end of that time our little fish had grown to be a great fine salmon of twenty-two pounds' weight, shining like a new tin pan, with rows of loveliest black spots on his head and back and tail.



One day as he was swimming about he noticed a change in the water around him. Spring had¹⁰ come again, and the cold snow waters ran down the mountains into the Columbia and made a freshet in the river. The high water ran far out into the sea, and out in the sea our salmon felt it on his gills. He remembered how the cold water¹⁵ used to feel in the Cowlitz when he was a little fish. He wondered whether the little eddy still

looked as it used to and whether caddis worms and young mosquitoes were really as sweet and tender as he used to think they were.

Then our salmon did what every grown salmon
5 does when he feels this cold fresh water on his gills. He turned his course straight toward the direction whence the cold water came, and for the rest of his life never tasted a mouthful of food.

When he struck the full current of the Colum-
10 bia, he found other salmon going the same way. They swam straight forward, against the current, with firm determination.

One day he came to a place in the river where the water rushed wildly over a huge staircase of
15 rocks. But our hero did not falter. He gave a high spring, but the current caught him and dashed him against the rocks. He tried many times until at last he succeeded in jumping the wall.

20 Now a gradual change took place in our salmon's looks. In the sea he was plump and silvery. Now he grew thin and lost his silvery color, and had received many bruises while on his long, hard journey.

At last, one October afternoon, our fish and one companion came to a clear little brook, with a bottom of fine gravel, over which the water was but a few inches deep. Our fish painfully worked his way to it; for his tail was frayed out and his muscles were sore after his long journey. 5

Then he saw a ripple in the stream, and under it a bed of little pebbles and sand. So there in the sand he scooped out with his tail a smooth round place, and his companion came and filled it 10 with orange-colored eggs. Then our salmon came back again, and softly covering the eggs, the work of their lives was done, and, in the old salmon-fashion, they drifted, tail foremost, down the stream.

— Adapted from DAVID STARR JORDAN.¹ 15

realm, region, country; **Ta co'ma**, a mountain in the state of Washington; also called Rainier (Ra neer'). See the map. **Cow'litz**, a river in the same state. See the map. **in can tá'tion**, a charm, usually sung or chanted. Compare the word **conjunction**, page 38. **cad'dis worms**, the larvæ (or young) of a small winged insect called the caddis fly or may fly.

Where is the scene of this story?

How many have ever seen fish eggs? Describe them. What change took place in the feelings of the salmon? Describe the

¹ By courtesy of Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company.

salmon's method of travelling downstream. Whom did the little salmon meet?

What caused the change in the water as they went downstream? Describe the salmon's life in the ocean. How long did he stay there? Why did the salmon leave the ocean at the end of three years? Describe the journey up the river. What was the salmon's real reason for going to the brook? What is the last we see of the salmon?

Quotation Marks in Book Titles. — When the title of a book, story, poem, magazine, lecture, or the like is written, we often treat it as a **quotation** and inclose it in **quotation marks**. Study the following examples : —

1. Longfellow wrote "Snowflakes."
2. Do you know who wrote "The Call of the Wild"?
3. Don't you think "A Little Brother to the Bear" is a good name for the raccoon?
4. I am sure that when you read it you will like Browning's "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."
5. Please go to the library and get Ruskin's "The King of the Golden River."

Write six sentences, each one of which contains the title of some book, magazine, or poem which you have read.

18

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast, —
And bends the gallant mast, my boys, 5
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on our lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry ; 10
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high, —
The white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free ;
The world of waters is our home, 15
And merry men are we.

— ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

sheet, the rope which ties the sail fast.

Who is singing this song? Where does he like best to be?
Give all his reasons for liking a sailor's life best of all.

19

THE CAPTURE OF A WHALE

THE course was slightly altered, so that we headed directly for the whale, and in less than a minute afterward we saw distinctly the black column of a sperm whale's head rise well above the sea, scattering a circuit of foam before it, and emitting a bushy, tufted burst of vapor into the clear air.

"There she white-waters! Ah, bl-o-o-o-o-o-w, blow, blow!" sang Louis; and then, in another tone, "Sperm whale, sir; big lone fish, heading about east by north."

"All right. 'Way down from aloft," answered the skipper, who was already halfway up the main rigging; and like squirrels we slipped out of our hoops and down the backstays, passing the skipper like a flash as he toiled upward, bellowing orders as he went.

Short as our journey down had been, when we arrived on deck we found all ready for a start. But as the whale was at least seven miles away, and we had a fair wind for him, there

was no hurry to lower, so we all stood at attention by our respective boats, waiting for the signal.

I found, to my surprise, that, although I was conscious of a much more rapid heart beat than usual, I was not half so scared as I expected to be — that the excitement was rather pleasant than otherwise. There were a few traces of fear about some of the others still ; but as for Abner, he was fairly transformed. I hardly knew the man. His¹⁰ eyes sparkled, and he chuckled and smiled constantly, as one who is conscious of having done a grand stroke of business, not only for himself, but for all hands.

“Lower away boats!” came pealing down from¹⁵ the skipper’s lofty perch, succeeded instantly by the rattle of the patent blocks as the falls flew through them, while the four beautiful craft took the water with an almost simultaneous splash. The shipkeepers had trimmed the yards to the²⁰ wind and hauled up the courses, so that simply putting the helm down deadened our way and allowed the boats to run clear, without danger of fouling one another. To shove off and hoist sail

was the work of a few moments, and with a fine working breeze away we went.

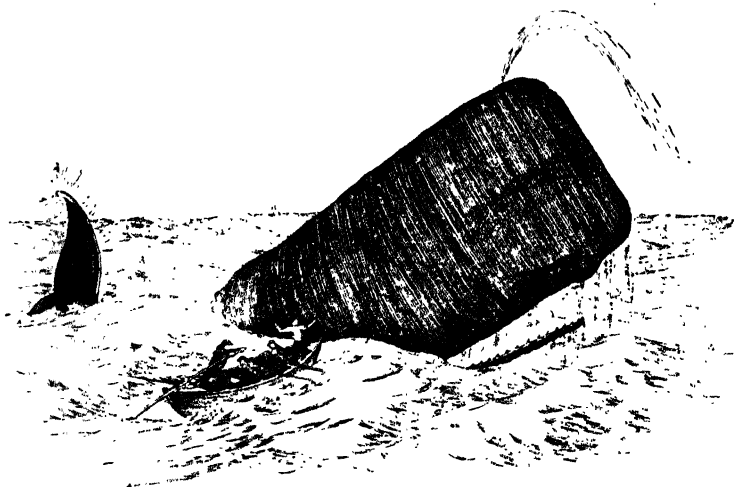
As before, our boat, being the chief's, had the post of honor; but there was now only one whale,
5 and I rather wondered why we had all left the ship.

According to expectations, down he went when we were within a couple of miles of him, but quietly, with great dignity, elevating his tail per-
10 pendicularly in the air, and sinking from our view.

The scene was very striking. Overhead, a bright blue sky just fringed with fleecy little clouds; beneath, a deep blue sea with innumerable tiny wavelets, dancing and glittering in the blaze of
15 the sun; but all swayed in one direction by a great, solemn swell that slowly rolled from east to west, like the measured breathing of some world-supporting monster. Four little craft in a group, with twenty-four men in them, silently waiting for
20 battle with one of the mightiest of God's creatures — one that was indeed a terrible foe to encounter were he but wise enough to make the best use of his opportunities. Against him we came with our puny weapons, at which I could not help

reminding myself that "he laugheth at the shaking of a spear."

Whether we had overrun our distance, or the whale, who was not "making a passage," but feeding, had changed his course, I do not know; but, anyhow, he broke water close ahead, coming



straight for our boat. His great black head, like the broad bow of a dumb barge, driving the waves before it, loomed high and menacing for me, for I was not forbidden to look ahead now. But coolly, as if coming alongside the ship, the mate bent to the big steer-oar and swung the boat off at right

angles to her course, bringing her back again with another broad sheer as the whale passed foaming. This brought us side by side with him before he had time to realize that we were there. Up to
5 that instant he had evidently not seen us, and his surprise was therefore great. To see Louis raise his harpoon high above his head, and with a hoarse grunt of satisfaction plunge it into the black, shining mass beside him up to the hitches, was indeed
10 a sight to be remembered. Quick as thought, he snatched up a second harpoon, and as the whale rolled from us it flew from his hands, burying itself like the former one, but lower down the body.

15 The great impetus we had when we had reached the whale carried us a long way past him, out of all danger from his struggles. There was no hindrance from the line by which we were connected with the whale, for it was loosely coiled in
20 a space for the purpose in the boat's bow to the extent of two hundred feet, and this was cast overboard by the harpooner as soon as the fish was fast. He made a fearful to-do over it, rolling completely over several times backward and for-

ward, at the same time smiting the sea with his mighty tail, making an almost deafening noise and pother. But we were comfortable enough, while we unshipped the mast and made ready for action, being sufficiently far away from him to escape the full effects of his gambois. It was impossible to avoid thinking, however, upon what would happen if, in our unprepared, and so far helpless state, he were, instead of simply tumbling about in an aimless, blind sort of fury, to rush at the boat and try to destroy it.

After the usual time spent in furious attempts to free himself from our annoyance, he betook himself below, leaving us to await his return, and hasten it as much as possible by keeping a severe strain upon the line. Our efforts in this direction, however, did not seem to have any effect upon him at all. Flake after flake ran out of the tubs, until we were compelled to hand the end of our line to the second mate to splice his own to it. Still it slipped away, and at last it was handed to the third mate, whose two tubs met the same fate. It was now Mistah Jones' turn to "bend on," which he did with many chuckles. But his face

grew longer and longer as the never-resting line continued to disappear. Soon he signaled us that he was nearly out of line, and two or three minutes after he bent on his "drogue" (a square piece of plank with a rope tail spliced into its center, and considered to hinder a whale's progress at least as much as four boats), and let go the end. We had each bent on our drogues in the same way, when we passed our ends to one another. So now our friend was getting along somewhere below with seventy-two hundred feet of one and a half inch rope, and weight additional equal to the drag of sixteen thirty-foot boats.

e mit', to throw out ; **was con'scious of**, was aware of, felt ; **trans form'**, to change in form or appearance ; **falls**, the ropes that pass through the blocks of a pulley ; **si mul ta'ne ous**, happening at the same time ; **el'e vate**, to lift ; **per pen dic'u lar**, erect, straight up ; **in nu'mer a ble**, so many that they could not be counted ; **broke water**, came to the surface ; **men'ac ing**, threatening ; **im'pe tus**, force ; **poth'er**, confusion, uproar ; **flake**, a coil of rope ; **skip'per**, captain ; **rig'ging**, the ropes that control the sails ; **back-stops**, long ropes which support the masts ; **foul**, to interfere with ; **har poon'**, a short spear used by whalemen.

20

THE CAPTURE OF A WHALE (*Concluded*)

OF course, we knew that, unless the whale were dead and sinking, he could not possibly remain much longer beneath the surface. The exhibition of endurance we had just been favored with was a very unusual one, I was told, it being a rare thing ⁵ for a cachalot to take out two boats' lines before returning to the surface to spout.

Therefore, we separated as widely as was thought necessary, in order to be near him on his arrival. It was, as might be imagined, some time ¹⁰ before we saw the light of his countenance; but when we did, we had no difficulty in getting alongside of him again. My friend Goliath, much to my delight, got there first, and succeeded in picking up the bight of the line. But having done ¹⁵ so, his chance of distinguishing himself was gone. Hampered by the immense quantity of sunken line which was attached to the whale, he could do nothing, and soon received orders to cut the bight of the line and pass the whale's end to us. ²⁰ He had hardly obeyed, with a very bad grace,

when the whale started off to windward with us at a tremendous rate. The other boats, having no line, could do nothing to help, so away we went along with barely a hundred fathoms of line, in case he should take it into his head to sound again. The speed at which he went made it appear as if a gale of wind was blowing, and we flew along the sea surface, leaping from crest to crest of the waves with cracks like pistol shots.

10 The flying spray drenched us and prevented us from seeing him, but I fully realized that it was nothing to what we should have to put up with if the wind freshened much. One hand was kept bailing the water out which came so freely

15 over the bows, but all the rest hauled with all their might upon the line, hoping to get a little closer to the flying monster. Inch by inch we gained on him, encouraged by the hoarse calls of the mate, whose excitement was intense. After

20 what seemed a terribly long chase, we found his speed slackening, and we redoubled our efforts. Now we were close upon him; now in obedience to the steersman, the boat sheered out a bit, and we were abreast of his laboring flukes; now the mate

hurls his quivering lance with such hearty goodwill that every inch of its slender shaft disappears within the huge body. "Lay off! Off with her, Louey!" screamed the mate; and she gave a wider sheer away from the whale, not a second too soon. Up flew that awful tail, descending with a crash upon the water not two feet away from us. "Out oars! Pull, two! stern, three!" shouted the mate; and as we obeyed, our foe turned to fight.

10

Then might one see how courage and skill were such mighty factors in the apparently unequal contest. The whale's great length made it no easy thing for him to turn, while our boat, with two oars a-side, circled, backed, and darted ahead like a living thing animated by the mind of our commander. When the leviathan settled, we gave a wide berth to his probable place of rising; when he rushed at us, we dodged him; when he paused, if only momentarily, in we flew, and got home a fearful thrust of the deadly lance.

All fear was forgotten now — I panted, thirsted for his life. Once, indeed, in a sort of frenzy, when for an instant we lay side by side with him,

I drew my sheath knife, and plunged it repeatedly into the blubber, as if I were assisting in his destruction. Suddenly the mate gave a howl, "Stern all — stern all! oh, stern!" and the oars
5 bent like canes as we obeyed. There was an upheaval of the sea just ahead; then slowly, majestically, the vast body of our foe rose into the air. Up, up it went, while my heart stood still, until the whole of that immense creature hung on high,
10 apparently motionless, and then fell — a hundred tons of solid flesh — back into the sea. On either side of that mountainous mass the waters rose in shining towers of snowy foam, which fell in their turn, whirling and eddying around us as we tossed
15 and fell like a chip in a whirlpool.

Blinded by the flying spray, bailing for very life to free the boat from the water with which she was nearly full, it was some minutes before I was able to decide whether we were still uninjured
20 or not. Then I saw, at a little distance, the whale lying quietly. As I looked he spouted, and the vapor was red with his blood. "Stern all!" again cried our chief, and we retreated to a considerable distance. The old warrior's practiced

eye had detected the coming climax of our efforts, the dying agony or "flurry" of the great animal. Turning upon his side, he began to move in a circular direction, slowly at first, then faster and faster, until he was rushing around at a tremendous speed, his great head raised quite out of water at times, clashing his enormous jaws. Torrents of blood poured from his spout-hole, accompanied by hoarse bellowings, as of some gigantic bull, but really caused by the laboring breath trying to pass through the clogged air passages. The utmost caution and speed were necessary to avoid his maddened rush; but this gigantic energy was short-lived. In a few minutes he subsided slowly in death, his mighty body inclined on one side, the fin uppermost waving limply as he rolled to the swell, while the small waves broke gently over the carcass, in a low, monotonous surf, intensifying the profound silence that had succeeded the tumult of our conflict with the late monarch of the deep.

— Adapted from FRANK T. BULLEN: *The Cruise of the Cachalot*.

en du'rance, power of holding out; **bight** (bite), the loose part of the rope; **fath'om**, six feet; **sound**, to sink; **le vi'a than**,

a sea monster; **mo men ta'ri ly**; **gi gan'tic**, huge, enormous;
clogged, closed up; **mo not'o nous**, of the same, unvarying
sound; **tu'mult**, uproar; **flukes**, the tail of a whale.

Word Study: Synonyms. — Copy paragraph 1, page 94, using words which mean about the same, in the place of **slightly**, **altered**, **directly**, **distinctly**, **column**, **emitting**.

21

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
That sail'd the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watch'd how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake the old Sailor,
Had sail'd the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring, 6
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laugh'd he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast; 10
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows froth'd like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shudder'd and paused, like a frightened steed, 15
Then leap'd her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so!
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow " 20

He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

5 "O father! I hear the church bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"— 'Tis a fog bell on a rock-bound coast! —
And he steer'd for the open sea.

10 "O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"— Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
15 But the father answer'd never a word, —
A frozen corpse was he.

Lash'd to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleam'd through the gleaming snow
20 On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasp'd her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who still'd the waves
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear, ⁵
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ; 10
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew 15
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Look'd soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull. 20

Her rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice.

With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,

Ho! Ho! the breakers roar'd.

5 At daybreak on the bleak sea beach

A fisherman stood aghast,

To see the form of a maiden fair

Lash'd close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,

10 The salt tears in her eyes;

And he saw her hair like the brown seaweed

On the billows fall and rise.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Hes'pe rus, the name means "the evening star"; a **main'**, with force; **veering flaw**, a changing gust of wind; **stove**, was broken.

REVIEW OF THE ORDINARY USE OF THE COMMA

Oral Exercise. — Turn to Lesson 16, p. 76; read the first paragraph and notice how many commas are used. Tell why each comma is in its place.

Written Exercise. — In the story of *The Salmon* find and copy six short sentences which contain commas and think why each one is so used.

22

THE KING OF BEASTS

LIONS prefer to kill their own prey, but they will sometimes not despise a dead carcass. When they grow old, they often like to hang about the villages, picking up what they can find, and killing goats and sheep, and, if they get a chance, women and children. Hence the saying, "His teeth are worn; he will soon kill men."

The whelps or chits, to use an old term long since diverted, are, like kittens, born blind, but I am informed by the keeper of the Gardens that their eyes are opened after two days instead of nine as with kittens. They are delightful, clumsy, kitten-like creatures, and are spotted, the spots not entirely disappearing for two years or more. I had an opportunity some time ago of fondling one of these little princes, and letting him mumble my finger in his almost toothless mouth. He was really the most engaging little fellow. There are generally two or three, but sometimes as many as five, in a litter. On one occasion a little lion

whelp had tottered forward to the front of the den, and I patted his head through the bars. I shall never forget the look the lioness gave me as she rose with the utmost dignity, came forward slowly, took the whelp by the scruff of the neck,



THE LION AT HOME

From the painting by Rosa Bonheur

and carried it back to the farther end of the den. "How dare you touch my child!" she seemed to say, or rather to look. But Mr. Nettleship, who knows the lions and how to paint them, to whom I mentioned this fact, observed, "I dare say she was mightily afraid of you, and that was the

meaning of her look." So difficult is it to get at the thoughts of animals.

At the age of a year or somewhat earlier the cubs begin to hunt for themselves, and then do a large amount of mischief, since they kill not only to satisfy their hunger, but to learn their trade. Like cats, they often like to play with their prey, allowing it to escape and pouncing upon it again. This is often put down to wanton cruelty, but I think wrongly. The cat or kitten plays with the mouse, not from innate cruelty, but for the sake of getting some little practice in the most important business of cat life. Only man, who has the capacity for nobler things, can be cruel for cruelty's sake.

15

You cannot watch the lion pacing to and fro in his den without noticing how like a cat he is, not of course in his coloring, but in his general build and gait. In the mane, indeed, he has an ornament, and more than an ornament, for it is probably a great protection to the neck in fighting, to which puss cannot aspire. And it is said that the wild lion seldom has so fine a mane as those we see in our zoölogical gardens and menageries.

His tail, too, has a tuft of hair at the end, in the midst of which is a sharp, horny spike, with which, according to some old writers, he goads himself to fury when he lashes his tail against his flanks.

5 The eye of the lion is much smaller in proportion than that of the cat, and his muzzle is decidedly longer. The pupil of his eye, too, is round, and does not in the half light contract to a narrow slit like that of our harmless, necessary pet. The
10 teeth hardly differ at all from those of the cat, except in size. They bite up and down, and the lower jaw cannot be rolled from side to side like ours and that of all animals who have to grind their food. ✓

15 Like the cat, too, he walks upon his toes, the heel and wrist being raised well above the ground, and, as in the cat, so too in the lion, the paws are provided with thick pads or cushions. He who has seen a cat stealing stealthily toward a poor
20 innocent bird, with head low and body almost touching the ground, has a very good idea of how the lion approaches his prey before making the final and fatal spring. As in the cat, once more, the sharp claws are retractile, or can be drawn, by

the beautiful mechanism of a self-acting elastic band, into sheaths or pouches which protect them from being dulled as the creature walks.

The cats "sharpen their claws," or more probably tear off any ragged points, by scratching at the bark of trees. In South America Darwin noticed trees which had been used for this purpose by the jaguar, and I dare say most of us have had to rebuke puss for making use of the drawing-room furniture for this purpose. 5

The lion, then, belongs to the great family of cats, of which there are about fifty existing kinds or species. He rules in Africa and southwest Asia; while his cousin the tiger, also of royal blood, holds his court in southern and eastern 10 Asia. Although these territories overlap a little in southwest Asia they are in the main quite distinct.

Extending into the domains of both these royal beasts, and having therefore a wider range than 20 either, is the panther, or leopard, an arboreal animal which frequents the forests, while the lion and tiger are found in jungles and thickets, and seldom or never climb trees. The leopard may

be told from the tiger at a glance by his smaller size and ring-spotted coat; for the tiger is not spotted, but striped. A Javan leopard, however, is black, with only the ghosts of spots. And



there is scarcely a more cruel-looking beast on the face of the earth than this black panther, with his treacherous gray-blue eyes. These are the great cats of the Old World.

Not much inferior in size are the ounce, a large, thick-furred cat that lives in the highlands of Central Asia, seldom descending far below the snowy regions; and the clouded tiger, which dwells in the trees of southeastern Asia, the Malay peninsula, and the great islands, Borneo, Sumatra, and Java. And here we must add the beautiful spotted cheetah, or hunting leopard, with

its delicate, rounded head, long limbs and tail, and lithe body, one of the swiftest beasts of the field, but perhaps the least catlike of cats. It is found in both Africa and Central Asia.

In Europe and America we have no very large cats; one of the largest is the lynx, easily known by the pointed ears, each with a tuft of long, stiff hair at the tip. At Berlin I saw a charming little baby lynx who had a large rabbit for a playfellow. The rabbit, a sedate creature, for whom the days¹⁰ of playful and giddy youth were long past, seemed scarcely to appreciate the rough-and-tumble game on which Master Lynx good-humoredly insisted.

In Australia there are no wild cats, great or small; but in America, besides smaller species,¹⁵ there are two great cats, the puma, which is often spoken of as the South American lion, and the jaguar, which is a spotted cat and takes the place of the Old-World leopard. Both these creatures may generally be seen in the Zoo. The puma is a²⁰ tawny beast considerably smaller than the lion, and without a mane. He never roars; but I am sorry to say he sometimes swears horribly. The whelps are spotted like the little lions, so that we believe

both these tawny creatures in the Old and New World come from spotted ancestors. The mother of the whelps which I have seen is quiet and gentle, and likes to be fondled by the keeper; but the male is bad-tempered. The other big American cat, the jaguar, is an ill-tempered fellow, ring-spotted like the leopard; but the spots are larger and more definitely arranged.

Such are some of the great cats, the cousins more or less distant of the king of beasts.

— Adapted from *Animal Sketches* by C. LLOYD MORGAN.

di vert', to turn in another direction; **wan'ton**, thoughtless; **in nate'**, inborn, natural; **zo o log'i cal gar'den**, a place where wild animals are kept; **me nag'e rie**, a collection of wild animals, usually transported from place to place for exhibition; **mech'an-ism**, machinery, contrivance; **jag u ar'**, a fierce, wild animal of the panther kind; **dō māins'**, the regions where a creature dwells; **ar bo're al**, living in trees; **tréach'er ous**, tricky, deceptive; **chee'tah**; **se date'**, grave, dignified; **zoo**, a familiar contraction for zoological gardens.

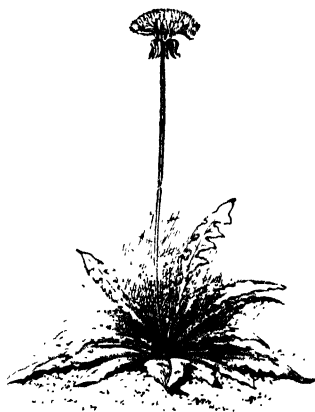
Word Study: Synonyms. — Copy the second paragraph on page 113, using words which mean much the same in the place of **pacing**, **noticing**, **gait**, **probably**, **aspire**, **seldom**.

23

DANDELION

'THERE'S a dandy little fellow
Who dresses all in yellow,
In yellow with an overcoat
of green ;
With his hair all crisp and
curly,
In the springtime bright
and early,
A-tripping o'er the meadow
he is seen.
Through all the bright June
weather,
Like a jolly little tramp,
He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road ;
Around his yellow feather
The gypsy fireflies camp ;
His companions are the wood lark and the toad.

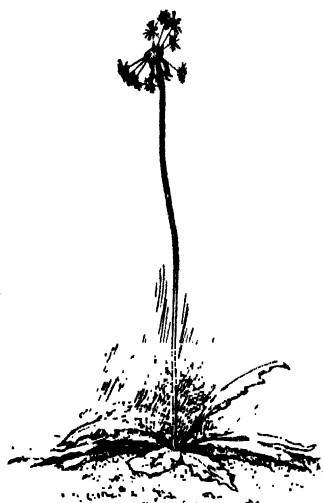
But at last this little fellow
Doffs his dainty coat of yellow,
And very feebly totters o'er the green ;



10

15

For he very old is growing,



And with hair all white and
flowing

A-nodding in the sunlight
he is seen.

Ah, poor dandy, once so
spandy,

Golden dancer on the lea!
Older growing, white hair
flowing,

Poor little baldhead dandy
now is he!

— NELLIE M. GARRABRANT, in *Nature in Verse*.

Oral Composition. — Notice how the author has described the dandelion so you could guess what flower she means even if the name were not given in the title.

Choose some flower which you know very well and describe it to your classmates, letting them guess the name of your choice.

24

PUSSY WHITE AND PUSSY CHINESE

I MUST first introduce you to the older of my two cats, Pussy White. Her face won me at once



by its charm. Her eyes were young and brilliant, like those of a child, and excepting the pink tip to her nose she was covered with a mass of silky Angora fur. On her head, between her ears, was a jet-black spot, and on her shoulders another,

shaped like a cape. Her waving, plumelike tail was also jet-black. All the rest of her was of snowy white and as soft as swan's down. She seemed like a ball of animated fur, moved by a capricious hidden spring.

During the first winter of her life she was the little familiar spirit, the hearthstone imp, who enlivened the solitude of my dear old mother and aunt. While I was wandering over distant seas, when the house seemed so large and empty and the winter evenings so long and gloomy, she was their constant companion. She often annoyed them by leaving upon their neat black gowns bunches of her white fur. She would insist upon a place in their laps, or in their workbasket, where she tangled beyond hope their skeins of wool or spools of silk. Then they would say, pretending to be angry, but in reality wanting to laugh: "Oh, that cat; will she never have any sense? Get out, miss!" But they loved her well enough to keep for her especial amusement a funny little dancing toy.

And she loved them, in a cat's way; she was not obedient, but she had for them a touching

constancy, for which alone I owe her a lasting remembrance.

The second of my two cats was "Pussy Gray," or "Pussy Chinese." It was a strange chance that brought into my life this little cat of the yellow race, of humble descent and without beauty. Our warship was lying at anchor in the Gulf of Peking, when this terrified little creature, fleeing perhaps from violence on some native boat, leaped upon our vessel and sought refuge in my cabin under my berth. She was young, thin, and miserable looking, and I bade my servant give her food and drink.

She accepted my kindness with humility, and advanced slowly to the unhoped for meal, first one foot, then another, with her clear eyes all the time fixed upon mine to make sure that she was not deceived, — that it was really intended for her.

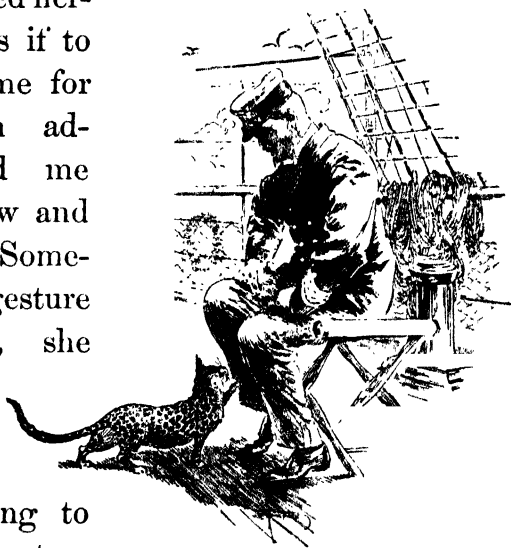
In the morning, after giving her a breakfast, I decided to send her away. I clapped my hands sharply together, stamped my foot, and cried, "Go away, little Pussy, go away." Evidently she had no fear of me. She seemed to know that all this noise was a pretense. With the air of saying, "I

know very well that you will not hurt me," she crouched silently in her corner, in a supplicating attitude, and fixed her dilated eyes upon mine with a human look such as I have seen in no eyes but hers.

But how could I keep her in my narrow cabin? So I lifted her carefully, and saying gently, "I am very sorry, my little Pussy," I carried her resolutely to the other end of the ship, to the quarters of the sailors, who are usually kind to cats, and there I put her down. She lay flat upon the deck, her head turned beseechingly toward me, and then ran with a swift gait, at once humble and droll, in the direction of my cabin, which she reached before me. When I entered I found her crouching obstinately in the same corner, and her eyes were so expressive that I had not the heart to drive her out again. And this is how the little Chinese cat chose me for her master.

For seven months she lived in the dim light of my cabin, and little by little we grew more intimate. I recall the day when we became really affectionate. We were in the Yellow Sea, in gloomy September weather. Pussy Chinese had

been with me nearly two weeks. She had been very retiring, very well behaved, but sad, and keeping out of sight, as if suffering from homesickness for the land to which she was never to return. All at once she came forth from the shadow, stretched herself leisurely as if to give herself time for reflection, then advanced toward me hesitatingly, now and then stopping. Sometimes, with a gesture quite Chinese, she kept one paw hanging in the air a moment, before descending to make the next step.



And all the time she looked at me steadily, and with a questioning expression in her eyes. When she was near enough to touch my leg, she sat down, curled her tail about her, and gave a very gentle mew. She still continued to look directly into my

eyes, as if she knew that I was a living creature, capable of understanding her, and that my eyes were for her eyes the mirror where her little soul could find a reflection of mine.

5 As to myself, I now examined for the first time the little visitor who had shared my quarters for nearly two weeks. She had the fawn color of the wild rabbit, spotted like a leopard, but her nose and neck were white. She was quite unlike our
10 French cats; low on the legs, long in body, with a tail of unusual length, large upright ears, and an angular face. All her charm was in her eyes, raised at the outer corners like all the eyes of the extreme East, and of a beautiful golden yellow,
15 instead of green, ever changing and wonderfully expressive.

While examining her, I placed my hand upon her queer little head, and gave her a first caress. It was for this that she had come out of her dark
20 corner, poor little Pussy. What she had resolved to demand of me, with so much hesitation, was not food or drink. Her poor little cat soul longed for some company in this lonely world, a little friendship. Where had she learned to know this,

unhappy little outcast as she was, never stroked by a kind hand, never loved by any one, — unless, perhaps, in the paternal junk, by some poor Chinese child without playthings and without caresses, thrown by chance like a useless weed in the immense yellow swarm of life, miserable and hungry like herself ?

Then a frail paw was laid timidly upon me, — oh ! with so much delicacy, so much modesty, — and after looking long and earnestly at me, Pussy decided to risk it, and leaped upon my knees. There she coiled herself, lightly and delicately, never ceasing to look at me. She stayed there a long time, much in my way, but I had not the heart to drive her away, — as I could have done had she been a gay and pretty little kitten.

An go'ra, a province of Persia, and the long-haired cat found there ; ca pri'cious, acting unexpectedly or unreasonably ; skein (skane), a roll of silk or yarn ; di la'ted, distended, enlarged ; sup'pli cat ing, begging, asking for mercy ; res'o lute ly, in a determined manner ; ob'sti nate ly, firmly, stubbornly ; an'gu lar, having sharp corners.

25

PUSSY WHITE AND PUSSY CHINESE (*Concluded*)

AT the end of the winter, one of the first warm days of March, Pussy Chinese entered my home in France. Pussy White was still wearing her royal winter robe, and I had never seen her so imposing. The contrast would indeed be great between her and my other little pet, looking so lean, so faded, and so much as if her fur had been moth-eaten. I felt really embarrassed when my man Sylvester, returning from the ship, lifted
10 the lid of the basket, and, in the presence of the assembled family, my little Chinese pet crept tremblingly forth. It was my Aunt Clara who expressed the feeling of the group, "Oh, my dear, how homely she is!" How could I intro-
15 duce her to the splendid Pussy White, in her royal robes? The problem seemed too great to solve. So I had Pussy Chinese carried to another part of the house, until I could gain time to think the matter over.

20 But they met soon without any introduction. And this first meeting was terrible. It was in the

kitchen, a place of such attractiveness to all the cats of a household that they are sure to meet there sooner or later. I was hurriedly called to the kitchen, and there I saw a shapeless ball of fur and claws formed of their closely clinched little bodies, bounding here and there over the room, breaking plates and shattering glasses,



while tufts of white fur and gray fur flew in every direction, and both of the combatants were uttering unearthly yells. It was necessary to act at once and to part them instantly. So I threw upon them a whole pitcher of water. I was at my wit's end.

Trembling, scratched and bleeding, her heart beating as if it must break, Pussy Chinese was

gathered in my arms, where she clung closely, growing quiet and relaxing her nerves in the feeling of sweet safety. Then she made herself limp and quiet as a thing without life, which is a cat's way of showing entire confidence in the one who holds her. Pussy White, sitting thoughtful and grave in a corner, looked at us, and got a new idea in her jealous little head: that she, who from one year's end to another, had lorded it over our house and grounds, and had driven away all other cats, must somehow endure this ugly little pet of mine, since I held her so tenderly. My surprise and admiration were great to see them, an instant after, pass each other calmly and civilly, as if nothing had happened. And in all their lives they never quarreled again.

One fine day, with no reason that we could see, the tolerance of Pussy White for Pussy Chinese changed to friendship. She came up to Pussy Chinese and rubbed noses with her, which is the way that cats give a kiss. Sylvester and I were present at the scene. "Do you see," said I, "the kiss of peace?" "Oh, no, sir," said Sylvester, with his air of superior knowledge about animals,

“it is simply that Pussy White wishes to find out whether Pussy Chinese has been stealing her meat.”

But Sylvester was mistaken for once. From that hour the two cats were firm friends. They sat in the same chair, ate the same food from the same plate, and every morning greeted each other by rubbing together the tips of their two soft noses, the one yellow, the other pink.

— Adapted from PIERRE LOTI: *Lives of Two Cats*.

im pōs'ing, handsome, distinguished; **re lax'**, to loosen so as to put to rest.

Written Composition. — Write a description of your favorite cat or dog, following this outline: —

1. Size and color.
2. Movements.
3. Food.
4. Interesting ways.

Punctuation. — Notice the use of the *comma* in these sentences: —

1. Good morning, merry sunshine.
2. George, what is your address?
3. Come along, Mr. Lobster, or you'll be caught.
4. It is time to go to school, Helen.
5. Boys, do you play ball to-day?

You see that each sentence is spoken to some person or persons, and that the name of the person spoken to is set off by commas.

Written Exercise. — In the last stanza of *The Pied Piper*, p. 146, in *The Pet Lamb*, Lesson 37, and in *Lucy Gray*, p. 280 you will find sentences which illustrate this use of the comma. Copy at least five such sentences, being sure to use the comma correctly.

26

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

A CHILD'S STORY

(Written for, and inscribed to, W. M. the Younger.)

[Macready the actor's eldest son, when a child, was confined to the house by illness, and Browning wrote this poem to amuse the child and give him a subject for illustrative drawings.]

I



HAMELIN Town's
in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover
city;
The river Weser,
deep and wide,

Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,

And bit the babies in the cradles,

And ate the cheeses out of the vats,

And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles, ⁵

Split open the kegs of salted sprats,

Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,

And even spoiled the women's chats

By drowning their speaking

With shrieking and squeaking 10

In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body

To the Town Hall came flocking:

"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;

And as for our Corporation — shocking 15

To think we buy gowns lined with ermine

For dolts that can't or won't determine

What's best to rid us of our vermin!

• • • • •

Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking

To find the remedy we're lacking, 20

Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"

At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:

* * * * *

5 "Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"

* * * * *

V

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
10 And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
15 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin

And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.

• • • • •

VI

He advanced to the council table :
And, " Please your honors," said he, " I'm able
By means of a secret charm, to draw 5
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm, 10
The mole and toad and newt and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check ; 15
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.) 20

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
5 Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One! fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
10 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
15 Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
20 You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,

5

Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,

10

Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!

— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry

(As he, the manuscript he cherished)

15

To Rat-land home his commentary :

Which was, “ At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,

And putting apples, wondrous ripe,

Into a cider-press’s gripe :

20

And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,

And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,

And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,

And a breaking the hoops of butter casks :



BEGUILING THE RATS

From the painting by Pinnell

And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh, rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
5 So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'—
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
Already staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
10 Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'—
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
“Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get long poles
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!” — when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a, “First, if you please, my thousand guild-
ers!”

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue; 10
So did the Corporation too.

* * * * *

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
“Beside,” quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
“Our business was done at the river’s brink; 15
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what’s dead can’t come to life, I think.
So, friend, we’re not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,

And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
5 A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, . . .

.

And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

10 "How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
15 Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;

And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling ;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm yard when barley is scat-
tering,

Out came the children running.

10

All the little boys and girls,

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after

The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

15

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood

As if they were changed into blocks of wood,

Unable to move a step, or cry

To the children merrily skipping by,

—Could only follow with the eye

20

That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.



BEGUILING THE CHILDREN

From the painting by Pinnell

- But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
5 Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
10 "He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"

When, lo, as they reached the mountain side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last, 5
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, — 10
“It’s dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can’t forget that I’m bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land, 15
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here, 20
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles’ wings:
And just as I became assured

My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
5 'To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas! for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
10 Ope to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
15 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor.
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
20 They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,

These words did not as well appear,
“And so long after what happened here

On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:”

And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.

Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say

That in Transylvania there's a tribe

Of alien people who ascribe

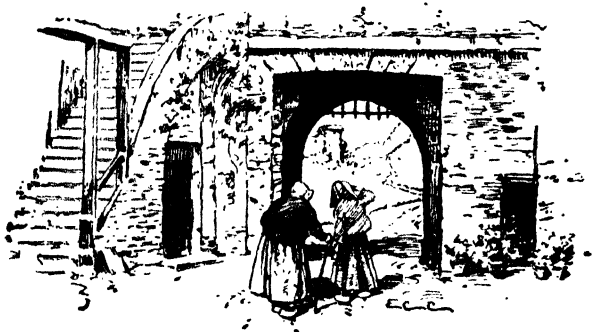
The outlandish ways and dress

On which their neighbors lay such stress,

To their fathers and mothers having risen

Out of some subterraneous prison

Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin Town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.



XV

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from
mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
promise!

— Abridged from ROBERT BROWNING.

Make little pictures which could be used for illustrations
on the margins of *The Pied Piper*.

Dictation Exercise.—Study stanza IV until you can write it from dictation. Be sure you can use the quotation marks, question marks, exclamation marks, and commas correctly.

Pied, mottled, many-colored; **dit'ty**, a song, a poem; **ver'min**, troublesome small animals; **sprats**, a kind of herring; **nod'dy**, a useless fellow; **Cor po ra'tion**, a body of rulers; **er'mine**, a rich white fur worn as a badge of office; **con ster-na'tion**, fright; **tuft**, a small bunch of hair; **kith**, the same as **kin**, relationship by blood; **newt**, a small animal of the lizard kind; **Cham**, the ruler of Tartary; **Ni zam'**, a ruler; **vam'pire**, a creature supposed to suck blood; **guil'der**, a Dutch silver coin, worth about forty cents; **rī'bald**, an abusive, loud-mouthed fellow; **ves'ture**, clothing; **pie'bald**, of various colors; **por'tal**, a gate; **sub ter rā'ne ous**, underground; **tre panned'**, trapped.

27

HOW I HELPED BUILD A NEST .

THEY picked out their crack in the oak and began to build without any advice from me, winning little gray-crested titmice that they were. Their oak was right behind the ranch-house barn; I found it by hearing the bird sing there. The little fellow, warmed by his song, flitted up the tree a branch higher after each repetition of his loud, cheery “tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit.” Mean-

while his pretty mate, with bits of stick in her bill, walked down a crack in the old trunk.

Thinking she had gone, I went to examine the place. I poked about with a twig but couldn't find the nest till, down in the bottom of the crack,



I spied a little gray head and a pair of bright eyes looking up at me. The bird started forward as if to dart out, but changed her mind and stayed in, while I took a hasty look and fled, more frightened than she by the intrusion.

The titmice had been flying back and forth from the hen yard with chickens' feathers, and it seemed such slow work for them I thought I would help them. So the next day, when the pair were away, I stuffed a few white feathers into the mouth of the nest and withdrew under the shadow of the barn to watch through my glass without being observed. Then my conscience began to trouble me. What if this interference should drive the gentle bird to desert her nest?

10

When I heard the familiar chickadee call, — the titmouse often chirrup like his cousin, — it made me quake guiltily. What would the birds do? The gray pair came flying in with crests raised, and my small friend hopped down to her doorway. She gave a start of surprise at sight of the feathers, but after a moment's hesitation went bravely in! While she was inside, her mate waited in the tree, singing for her; and when she came out, he flew away with her. Then I crept up to the oak, and to my delight found that all the feathers had disappeared. She evidently believed in taking what the gods provide. In fact, she seemed only to wish that they would provide more, for, after

20

taking a second supply from me, she stood in the vestibule, cocked her crested head, and looked about as if expecting to see new treasures.

She had common sense enough to take what she
5 found at hand, but if she had not been such a plucky little builder, she would have been scared away by the strange sights that afterward met her at her nest. Once when she came, feathers were sticking in the bark all around the crack.
10 She hesitated—the rush of her flight probably fanned the air so the white plumes waved in her face—she hesitated and looked around timidly before getting courage to go in; and on leaving the nest, flew away in nervous haste; but she was
15 soon back again, and ready to take the feathers down inside the oak. She caught hold of the tip of one that was wedged into a crack, and tugged and tugged till I was afraid she would get discouraged and go off without it. She got it, how-
20 ever, and drew it in backward. Then she attacked another feather, but finding that it came harder than the first, let go her hold and took an easier one. She was not to be daunted, though, and after stowing away the loose one, came back for

the tight one again, and persevered till she bent it in several places, besides breaking off the tip.

When she had flown off, I jumped up, ran to the oak, and stuffed the doorway full of feathers. Before I had finished, the family sentinel caught me — I had been in too much of a hurry and he had heard me walking over the cornstalks. He eyed me suspiciously and gave vent to his disapproval, but I addressed him in such friendly terms that he soon flew off and talked to his mate reassuringly, as if he had decided that it was all right after all. After this conversation she came back and made the best of her way right down through the feather bed! I went away delighted with her perseverance, and charmed by her confidence and pretty performances.

The next day I heard the titmouse singing in an elder by the kitchen, and went out to see how the birds acted when gathering their own material. The songster was idly hunting through the branches, singing, while his mate — busy little housewife — was hard at work getting her building stuff. She had something in her beak when I caught sight of her, but in an instant was down

on the ground after another bit. Then she flew up in the tree, looking among the leaves: in passing she swung a moment on a strap hanging from a branch; then flew down among the weeds, back up in the tree again; and so back and forth, over and over, her bill getting fuller and fuller.

I was glad to save her work, and interested to see how far she would accept my help. Once when I blocked the entrance with feathers and horsehair she stopped, and, though her bill was full, picked up the packet and flew out on a branch with it. Was she going to throw away my present? For a moment my faith in her was shaken. Perhaps her mate had been warning her to beware of me. She did drop the mat of horsehair—what did such a dainty Quaker lady as she want of horsehair?—but she kept tight hold of one of the feathers, although it was almost as big as she was, and flew back quickly to the nest with it.

This performance proved one point. She would not take everything that was brought to her. She preferred to hunt for her own materials rather than use what she did not like. Now the question was, what did she like?

mus'ter, to gather, to collect ; flick'er ing, dancing, glancing ; win'some, winning, pleasing.

28

HOW I HELPED BUILD A NEST (*Concluded*)

My next experience was with some lamp wick to which I had tied bits of cotton. The titmouse took the cotton and would have taken the wicking, I think, if it had not been fastened in too tight for her. After that I tried tying bits of cotton to 5 strings, and letting them dangle before the mouth of the nest. Though I moved up to within twenty feet of the nest, she paid no attention to me, but hurried in. She liked the cotton so well that she stopped in her hallway, reached up to pull at the 10 white bundles, and tweaked and tugged till, finally, she backed triumphantly down the hole with one.

Her mate, less familiar with my experiments, started to go to the nest after her, but the sight of the cotton scared him so that he fled back into the 15 treetop. He stayed there singing till she came out, when he flew up to her with a dainty he had discovered — at least the two put their bills together ;

perhaps it was just a caress, for they were a tender, gentle little pair.

Having proved that my bird liked feathers and cotton, I wanted to see what she thought of straws. Apparently she did not think much of them. She looked very much dashed when she came home and found the yellow sticks in the nest hole. She hesitated, turned her head over, flew to a twig on one side of the oak and then back to one on the other side. Finally she mustered courage, and with her crest flattened as if she did not like it, darted down into the hole. When she flew out, however, she went right to her mate, and forgetting all her troubles at sight of him, fluttered her wings and lisped like a young bird as she put up her bill to have him feed her.

Perhaps it was unkind to bother the poor bird any more, but I meant her no harm and the fever for experiment possessed my blood. I tied some of the straws to a piece of wicking and baited it with feathers, thinking that perhaps she would take the straws for the sake of the feathers and wicking. I also stuffed the hole with horsehair. She did pull at the feather end of the line; I saw

the straw jerk, and, when she had left, found a round hole the brave little bird had made right through the middle of the mat of horsehair I had stopped the nest with.

Straws and horsehair the titmouse evidently ^s classed together. They were not on her list of building materials. On reflection she decided that the horsehair would make a good hall carpet, so left it in the vestibule, though she would have none of it down in her nest; but she calmly threw ¹⁰ my straws down on the ground at the foot of the oak.

I don't know what experiments I might have been tempted to try next had I not suddenly found myself dismissed — the house was complete. My ¹⁵ pretty Quaker lady sat in the shade of the oak leaves with crest raised and the flickering sunlight flecking her gray breast. She pecked softly at one of the white feathers that blew up against her as she listened to the song of her mate; and then ²⁰ flew away to him without once going to the nest. Evidently her work was done, and she was waiting till it should be time to begin brooding.

Ten days later I saw her mate come with his

bill full of worms and lean down by the hole to call her. She answered with a sweet, pleading twitter, and reached up to be fed. When he had gone, perhaps she thought she would like a second bite. At any rate, she hopped out in the doorway and flew off to another tree, calling out "tschede-de" so sweetly that he would have come back to her, had he been within hearing.

A few days later I saw him feed her at the nest five or six times in half an hour. He would come to the next oak, light and call to her, when she would answer from inside the tree trunk and he would go to her. I was near enough to see her pretty gray head and black eyes coming up out of the crack in the oak. Sometimes when he had fed her he would call out, and she would answer as if saying "good-by" from down in her nest. One morning I found the devoted little mate bringing her breakfast to her at half-past six. Nearly a month later they were feeding their young. The winsome mother bird, who had looked so tired and nest-worn the last time I saw her was now as plump and happy as her spouse. When I thought the pair were away, I went to try to get sight of the nest-

lings down in the hole. The old birds appeared as soon as I set foot by the oak, and took upon themselves to scold me. They chattered softly in a way they had never done before. They quickly got used to me again, however, and fed the little ones without hesitation right before me, knowing well that a person who had helped them build their nest would never harm their brood; and it was a disappointment when I had to go away and leave the winning little family.

10

— Adapted from FLORENCE A. MERRIAM: *A-Birding on a Broncho*.¹

in trū'sion, unwelcome interference; ves'ti bule, an entrance; daunt'ed, frightened; sen'ti nel, a guard set to watch for the enemy; re as sur'ing ly, in such manner as to comfort.

Punctuation. — Read the following sentence : —

“The robins have made their nest of mud, hay, straw, horse-hair, and feathers.”

Notice the list of things which the nest contains. Such a list is called a *series*. Notice that the words in the *series* are separated by commas.

Find similar lists of things in *The Pied Piper*, stanza VII, and in *Robert of Lincoln*, Lesson 29.

Written Exercise. — Read over *How I Helped Build a Nest*, and write a paragraph which contains a list of all the things

¹ By courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

of which the titmice's nest was made. Be sure you punctuate the *series* correctly.

From *The Pied Piper*, pages 136-137, copy and punctuate correctly the lines "And out of the houses the rats came tumbling," through the series to line "Followed the Piper for their lives."

Study the spelling, lining, use of capitals, and punctuation, until you can write it from dictation.

Rules for Use of Comma. — 1. *The comma* is used to separate the name of the person spoken to from the rest of the sentence.

2. *The comma* is used to separate the words of a series.

29

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
5 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee!"

“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
5 Chee, chee, chee !”

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood
10 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
‘This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee !”

15 Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln’s a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :
“Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
20 Spink, spank, spink ;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee !”

mead, meadow; **flecked**, spotted; **wane**, to diminish, to pass away; **hum'drum**, tiresome, without change; **crone**, an old woman.

Read this poem silently to get the story. Read it again, then shut your eyes and imagine the place where Robert of Lincoln's nest is. Describe Robert of Lincoln. Describe his wife. Why does Bryant call her a Quaker?

Study the first stanza so you can say and write it from memory.

Language Study: Composition.—Write in your own words a description of the meadow, as you imagine it to be, where the bobolink's nest is.

30

AN EPITAPH ON A ROBIN REDBREAST

TREAD lightly here, for here, 'tis said,
 When piping winds are hush'd around,
 A small note wakes from underground,
 Where now his tiny bones are laid.
 No more in lone or leafless groves,
 With ruffled wing and faded breast,
 His friendless, homeless spirit roves;
 Gone to the world where birds are blest!
 Where never cat glides o'er the green,
 Or schoolboy's giant form is seen;
 But love, and joy, and smiling Spring
 Inspire their little souls to sing!

—SAMUEL ROGERS.

ep'i taph, something written on a tombstone in memory of the dead.

Read this poem silently as many times as is needed to understand it. Then ask your teacher to read it aloud to you. Where and why does the poet tell us to "tread lightly"? What time of year does he think is sad for the robin? Read aloud the lines which make you think so. In the bird's heaven what things are never found? What makes little birds sing? Why does the author call spring "smiling"? Can you think of another word which describes spring as well?

31

TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE newcomer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;



The same whom in my schoolboy days 5
I listen'd to ; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.
To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ; 10
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still long'd for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

5 O blesséd bird! the earth we pace,
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, fairy place,
 That is fit home for thee!

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

blithe, gay, airy; be get', reproduce; un sub stan'tial, imaginary, unreal.

Read this poem silently, then read it aloud. Read the lines which tell what time of year it is in this poem. Find all the words which tell how the cuckoo's song sounds. Find and read the lines which show that it is not easy to see the cuckoo.

What does this poem tell us about Wordsworth's boyhood? What does it show us he loved? Why as a grown man did Wordsworth love to hear the cuckoo?

32

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight
 appears,
 Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for
 10 three years :

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She
sees

A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small Cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves. 10

She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they
fade,

The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colors have all passed away from her
eyes.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

en chant'ment, magic; Lothbury and Cheapside are parts of
the city of London.

After you have read this poem study it with the help of
the following questions: —

Why is it called "The *Reverie* of Poor Susan"? Why does Susan pause on her way in the early morning? Where is the thrush? Which word tells what effect the thrush's song has upon her? Name all the parts of the picture which she sees. Why does a little thrush's song make her see all this lovely picture? In what country do Susan and the thrush live? Ask your teacher to tell you something about the life of the author of this poem.

Memory Work. — How many poems about birds have we just studied? Why do so many authors, and especially poets, write about birds? Choose the one of these three poems you like best and memorize it, so that you can recite and write it.

33

OUR GRAY SQUIRRELS

DOWN past my window, as I sit writing beside it, falls a twig from the black oak at the corner of the house. Half a minute later another sinks wavering downward, buoyed by its broad leaves, which are green and healthy.

This happens in July, far in advance of their natural time to fall. What is the cause? A glance informs me. One of our gray squirrels is out on the end of an overhanging limb, and I am just in time to see him bite off another leafy twig

and carry it away. It is evident that he had dropped the other one accidentally. What is he doing? I vault out of the window, and keep him in view as he makes his way nearly to the summit of a tall white oak, where he adds his branch to a half bushel or so of sticks and leaves lodged in a convenient notch. Another squirrel is there, and together they scramble over the mass, packing and entangling it together, and occasionally disappearing inside, showing that it is hollow. There seems, however, to be no special entrance, the inmates pushing their way into the center, and escaping from it wherever it seems easiest to part the twigs. I have never seen more than one pair at work upon any one nest. The work is done mainly in the early morning, and the task is done very speedily.

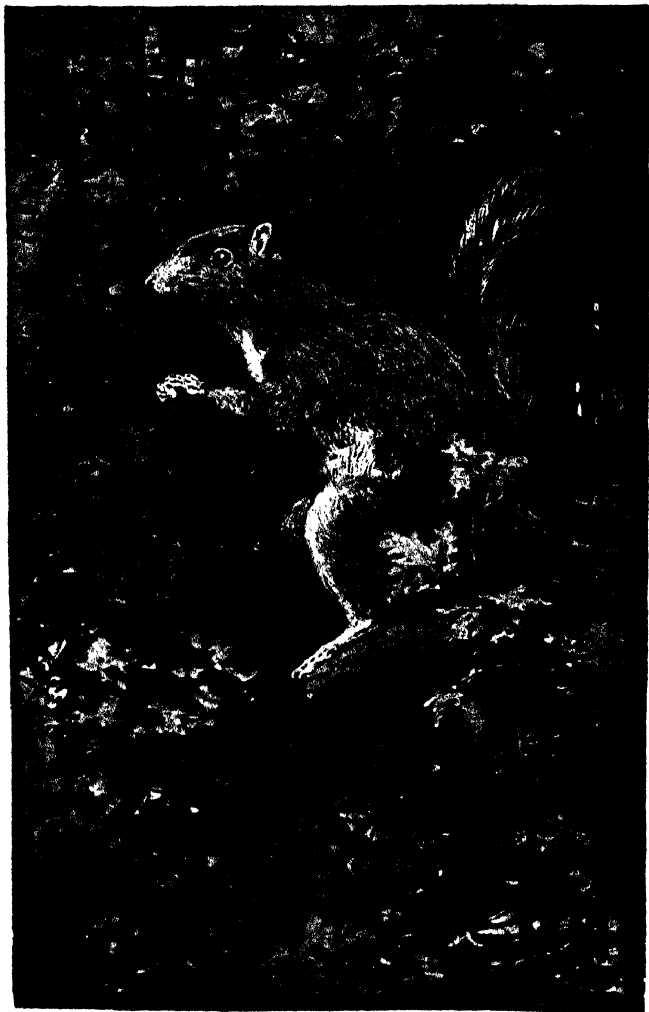
I know this particular pair of squirrels very well. They have been tenants of the grove ever since we came to live in this edge of the city, and though the town has now grown beyond and around us, and the grove is given a perpetual moonlight from the electric lamp on the corner, the trees and bushes remain. In midsummer they

may indulge their fondness for toadstools, upon which, during August, they seem almost wholly to live. Nuts and acorns come with each returning autumn, and in midwinter food is spread upon
5 friendly window sills.

Almost the only advantage the squirrels have taken of civilization, however, has been to occupy the boxes that my good neighbor has put up for them in the trees, which are tenanted more or less
10 all the year round, one family occupying each box and tree by itself as long as it wishes, and putting in its own furniture — a new bedroom set of grass and soft leaves. Of these boxes they much prefer those which are simply sections of hollow logs,
15 probably because nearest like the natural holes in decayed tree trunks chosen (in cold latitudes) by the squirrels as their home. By midsummer these homes become so hot and vermin-infested that the squirrels leave them and make bowers of leaves,
20 as my friends in the oak were doing when they attracted my attention; and they sometimes live there all winter, when the family nestles into the fluffy mass of loose leaves and grass forming the center of the ball, and thus keeps warm.

This shows the hardihood of these little animals. No weather seems cold enough to daunt them. They endure the semi-arctic climate north of Lake Superior, remain all the year on the peaks of the Adirondacks, where their only food is the seeds of the black spruce, and appear in midwinter in Manitoba; but when a sleet storm comes, and every branch and twig is encased in ice, then the squirrel stays at home. I remember one such storm which was unusually hard and did vast damage. The ice clothed the trees for several days, and the imprisoned animals became very hungry. My neighbor and I had swung from tree to tree a line of bridges made of poles along which the squirrels scampered, no less to their delight than to ours, often leaping one over the other with great skill and grace when two met on this single-track, air-line road.

One of these bridges led to a window sill in each residence, where food was often spread, and it was amusing to see the skill with which, at last, they crept toward it along the icy poles, digging their claws into the glazed surface, and often slipping astride or almost off the bridge.



A GRAY SQUIRREL.

In the tree tops, where they rush and leap at full speed, they are by no means safe from falling, but usually manage to catch hold somewhere, often by only a single toe, yet are able to lift the body up, like gymnasts, to a firmer foothold. 5

One morning in the middle of October, I observed that a family of four young squirrels was venturing forth from a box just outside my study window. They were not more than six weeks old, and were very timid. It was not often that more 10 than two or three would appear at once, and one of these seemed much farther advanced than the rest, while another was very babyish. They were very curious. What a fine new world was this that they had been introduced to! They investi- 15 gated everything about them. They had very pretty ways, such as a habit of clasping each other in their arms around the neck. They frequently scratched and stroked one another, and once I saw one busily combing another's tail with 20 its forefeet.

Gradually they gain strength and confidence, and then you will see how far the liveliness of the young can surpass even that of the old squirrels.

Both old and young are exceedingly fond of play, springing from the ground as if in a high-jumping match, and turning regular summersaults in the grass. But the most amusing thing is this: finding a place where the tip of a tough branch hangs almost to the ground, they will leap up and catch it, sometimes with only one hand, and then swing back and forth with the greatest glee, just like boys who discover a grape vine in the woods or a dangling rope in a gymnasium. These and many similar antics seem to be done "just for fun."

buoy (bū'i), to bear up ; **per pet'u al**, never ending ; **ver'min** in **fest'ed**, filled with lice, fleas, etc. ; **hard'i hood**, endurance ; **Man i to'ba**, see a map of North America.

34

OUR GRAY SQUIRRELS (*Concluded*)

No animal is more motherly than one of these parent squirrels, and it is delightful to watch her when the nearly grown brood has begun to make short excursions, and is "going to school." All the other families in the grove take an interest, and

chatter about it at a great rate; but if one comes too near the school he is likely to be driven away by the jealous mother. Every morning lessons in climbing and nut hunting are given, and it is a pretty scene. The pride of the little mother as she leads her train out on some airy path is easy to see. They are slow and timid about following. Squirrels must learn to balance themselves on the pliant limbs by slow degrees. It is many a long day after they are able to chase one another up and down and under and around a rough oak trunk, in the liveliest game of tag ever witnessed, before they can skip about the branches and leap from one to the other with confidence in their safety. The patient mother understands this, and encourages them very gently to "try, try again." I remember one such lesson. The old one marched ahead slowly, uttering low notes, as if to say: "Come on, my dears. Don't be afraid!" Every little while she would stop, and the two well-grown children following would creep up to her, and put their arms around her neck in the most human fashion, as if saying that it was almost too hard a task.

Sometimes the mother moves her kittens when

blind and hairless, carrying them in her teeth; but generally she waits until they are able to travel. I recall one time where early in the morning a mother had got her kittens down from the old nest
5 to the end of a bridge that ran across to the oak, in which her new home was to be. But to go out **on** that bridge was too much for the youngsters. She would run ahead, and one or two of them would creep after her a few yards, then suddenly
10 become scared and scramble back. Again and again did the little mother, with endless patience and pains, counsel and coax them, until at last one was induced to keep a stout heart until he was safely over. Then followed another time of chattering
15 and trials and failures, and so the second and third were finally got across. It was now noon, and the poor squirrel looked quite fagged out, her ears drooped, her fur was ruffled, her movements had lost their *verve*, her tail hung low, and her cries
20 became sharp and short. Her patience was gone. Instead of tenderly coaxing the last one of the four, she scolded him, driving rather than leading the frightened youngster along the shaky cable, and when it had reached the further tree, she seized it

in her mouth, and fairly shoved it through the door of the new box.

The curiosity and gayety of the gray squirrel are perhaps his greatest charm. Nothing unusual escapes him, and he is never satisfied until he knows all about it. He is the Paul Pry, the news-gatherer, of the woods.

When a new building is going up in or near the grove, the workmen no sooner leave it than half a dozen squirrels go over and under and through it, examining every part. If I trim away branches and lay them in a heap, or repair a fence, or do anything else, Mr. Gray inspects it thoroughly the moment my back is turned; and when once the house was reoccupied after a long vacancy, we caught the squirrels peeping in at the windows and hopping gingerly to the sill of each open door, to make sure the matter was all right.

It is most amusing to watch them on these tours. Two or three times a day each one makes the rounds of the place, racing along the fences, and into one tree after another, as if to make certain that nothing had gone wrong. He will halt on the top of each post, rear up, and look all about him;

or, if his keen ears hear an unusual sound, will drop down upon all fours, ready to run, his tail held over his back like a silver-edged plume, twitching nervously and jerking with each sharp cry, as though it were connected with his vocal organs by a string.

The great curiosity I have described often gets them into trouble, and is taken advantage of by their enemies. A wise serpent will coil himself at the foot of a tree where squirrels are playing, and will slowly wave his tail or display his red tongue, sure that the squirrels will see him. Doubtless they know him for what he is — a deadly enemy ; but they cannot resist a nearer look at the curious object and that strange motion. Whining, chr-r-r-ring, barking, they creep down the tree trunk. The snake lies ready, his unwinking eyes fixed upon the excited little quadruped. Step by step, driven by a fatal desire to learn more about that fascinating thing in the grass, Bunny steals forward — and is lost.

One day a pan of shelled corn stood outside the door of my neighbor's barn, and a chipmunk (the striped ground squirrel) stole softly to it from one

side while a rat came from the barn on the other. They met at the corn, whereupon, without an instant's pause, the chipmunk sprang into the air like a cat, and alighted squarely on the back of the rat, which, surprised and cowed by this unlooked-
for attack, turned tail, shook off his fierce little foe,
and raced for shelter, leaving chippie to fill his
cheek pouches at leisure and go home in triumph.

Our squirrels do not limit themselves to nuts. They are fond of buds, especially in the spring,
devouring the maple and elm buds in particular;
and in summer they feed largely on fungi and berries. Raspberries and strawberries please them especially well, and they are accused of choosing the biggest and ripest ones — wise little squirrels!
They will eat dry kernels of Indian corn if they are hungry, but delight in it when it is soft and milky, and in the early days of farming in the Western States, where the animals were very numerous, they were such robbers that boys were
set to guard the field and drive them away. I am sure that they also eat insects.

The ripening of the mast in the fall is the squirrel's gala day, and the beginning of his work day,

too. He does not wait for the nuts to get ripe, but attacks their green husks, and his paws get richly stained with their brown juices. His powerful chisel teeth quickly strip the shagbark nuts, but the clinging shucks of the pignut hickory are cut through. So fast does he work that a hard dry walnut will be opened and cleaned out in less than a minute. Those squirrels that live in coniferous forests live upon the seeds of the spruce and pine. These are procured by snapping off the scales, beginning at the butt end of the cone, and working round and round. They are also said to suck sap from certain trees.

— Adapted from ERNEST INGERSOLL: *Wild Neighbors*.

pl'ant, easily bending, flexible; **in duce'**, to lead or persuade; **verve**, dash, energy; **va'can cy**, emptiness; **gin'ger ly**, carefully and fearfully; **fas'ci na ting**, attractive; **de vour'**, to eat greedily; **fun'gi** (fungus, when one is meant), plants of the mushroom order; **mast**, acorns and other nuts; **co nif'er ous**, cone bearing (like the pine tree).

Word Study: Synonyms. — Write paragraph 3, page 175, using words which mean the same in the place of *most amusing*, *tours*, *racing*, *certain*, *keen*, *twitching*.

Written Composition. — Tell about a family of squirrels or birds that has its home in a certain tree.

Perhaps it may help you to follow this outline : —

1. When they came.
2. Why they chose it.
3. How they built their home.
4. What they eat.
5. How they take care of their young.

35

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

THE mountain and the squirrel

Had a quarrel,

And the former called the latter "Little Prig."

Bunn replied : —

"You are doubtless very big,

5

But all sorts of things and weather

Must be taken in together

To make up a year

And a sphere.

And I think it no disgrace

10

To occupy my place.

If I'm not so large as you

You are not so small as I,

And not half so spry.

I'll not deny you make

15

A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ, all is well and wisely put.
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

What do you think the mountain and the squirrel had been quarreling about? What might the squirrel have said that made the mountain call him "Little Prig"? Who had the best of the quarrel? Tell in your own words what the squirrel meant.

36

THE DAFFODILS

5



I WANDER'D lonely as a
cloud
That floats on high
o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw
a crowd,

10

A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky-way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line

Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee — 5
A poet could not be but gay
 In such a jocund company !
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.
For oft, when on my couch I lie 10
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils. 15

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

joc'und, gay, joyful ; **pen'sive**, sad and thoughtful.

Describe the picture you see as you read the first two lines. Can you think of any other comparison which would as well express his loneliness ? Read the rest of the stanza, and give the picture it contains. Find as many expressions as you can that make us feel what a great crowd of daffodils there were. Which expresses it best ? Compare the poet's feelings before he saw the daffodils with his feelings now. What further pleasure came to the poet from having seen the daffodils ?

37

THE PET LAMB



THE dew was falling
fast, the stars began
to blink ;

I heard a voice ; it said,
“ Drink, pretty crea-
ture, drink ! ”

And looking o’er the
hedge, before me I
espied

A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at
its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near ; the lamb was all
alone,

And by a slender cord was tether’d to a stone ;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden
kneel,

While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening
meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper
took,

Seem'd to feast with head and ears, and his tail
with pleasure shook.

“Drink, pretty creature, drink!” she said in such
a tone

That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty
rare!

I watch'd them with delight — they were a lovely
pair; 8

Now with her empty can the maiden turn'd away;
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she
stay.

Right towards the lamb she look'd; and from
that shady place

I unobserved could see the workings of her face;
If nature to her tongue could measured numbers
bring, 10

Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid
might sing:—

“What ails thee, young one! what! Why pull
so at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee! well both for bed and
board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that aileth
thee?

“What is it thou wouldst seek? What is want-
ing to thy heart?

Thy limbs are they not strong? and beautiful
thou art!

This grass is tender grass; these flowers they
5 have no peers;

And that green corn all day is rustling in thy
ears.

“If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy
woolen chain;

This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst
gain;

For rain and mountain storms—the like thou
need'st not fear,

The rain and storm are things that scarcely can
10 come here.

“Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the
day

When my father found thee first in places far
away;

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert
own'd by none,
And thy mother from thy side forevermore was
gone.

“He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought
thee home :

A blessed day for thee! -- then whither wouldst
thou roam ?

A faithful nurse thou hast ; the dam that did thee
yea

5

Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have
been.

“Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought
thee in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran ;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet
with dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and
new.

10

“Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they
are now ;

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the
plow !

My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind
is cold

Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be
thy fold.

“It will not, will not rest! — Poor creature, can
it be

That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so
in thee?

6 Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither
see nor hear.

“Alas, the mountain tops that look so green and
fair!

I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come
there;

The little brooks that seem all pastime and all
play,

When they are angry, roar like lions for their
10 prey.

“Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the
sky;

Night and day thou art safe — our cottage is
hard by.

Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy
chain?

Sleep, — and at break of day I will come to thee
again!”

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy
feet,

This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seem'd, as I retraced the ballad line by
line,

That but half of it was hers, and one half of it
was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;
“Nay,” said I, “more than half to the damsel
must belong!

For she look'd with such a look, and she spake
with such a tone,

That I almost received her heart into my own.” 10

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

es py', to see; **kine**, cows; **tether**, to tie; **measured numbers**, words arranged in the forms of poetry; **peer**, an equal; **yea**, to bring forth; **yoke**, to fasten in harness; **be like'**, perhaps.

Punctuation: *The Apostrophe in Contractions.* — What marks of punctuation have you already learned to use? Go to the

blackboard and make and name all you know. We have also a little mark which looks exactly like the comma, but is called the *apostrophe*. Read the following sentences from *The Jackal and the Partridge*, and find the *apostrophe* :—

1. "I'll teach you manners!"
2. "I'm half dead with fear!"
3. "You don't do half as much for me as I do for you."
4. "You couldn't do that!"
5. The wretched creature hadn't a word to say.
6. "I have wings, you haven't."
7. "I didn't throw them at you."

Write on the blackboard the words which contain the *apostrophe*.

Here are the same words written without the *apostrophe*:—

I will	had not
I am	have not
do not	did not
could not	

Written Exercises.—Turn to *The Pet Lamb*, page 182, and write in a column all the *contractions* which it contains. To the right of each contraction write its meaning like this :—

o'er = over.

Tell in your own words what contractions are, and why you think they are used.

Write three sentences, each one containing one or more of these contractions.

Language Study. — 1. In *Father is Coming*, page 262, find and copy every line which contains a contraction.

Below these lines write the contractions in a column, and to the right write their meanings.

2. Copy the following list of contractions in a column, and to the right of them write their meanings: —

I'll	I'm	I've	I'd
we'll	we're	you're	you'll

Write a conversation between a mouse and a cat, or a dog and a squirrel, choosing your own title, and using most of the above contractions, or any others you need.

Rule. — The *apostrophe* is used in a *contraction* to show that a letter or letters is or are omitted.

38

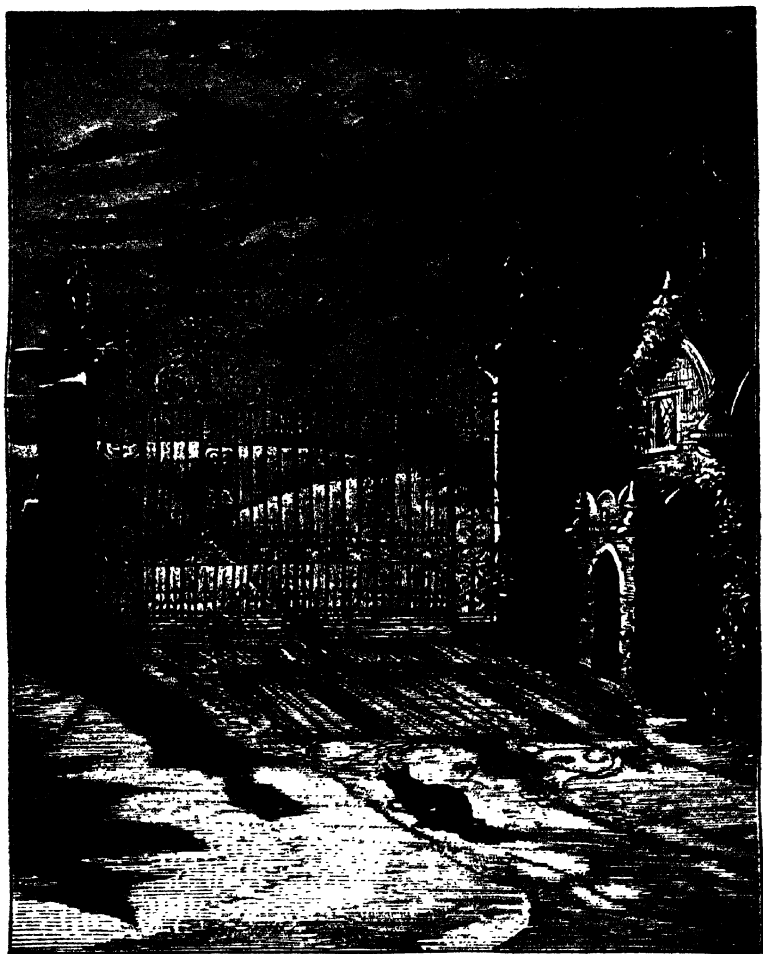
A CHRISTMAS EVE IN OLD ENGLAND

It was a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold; our chaise whirled rapidly over the frozen ground; the postboy smacked his whip incessantly, and a part of the time his horses were on a gallop. "He knows where he is going," said my companion, laughing, "and is eager to arrive in time for some of the merriment and good cheer of the servants' hall. My

father, you must know, is a gentleman of the old school, and prides himself upon keeping up something of old English hospitality. He is a tolerable specimen of what you will rarely meet with nowadays in its purity, the old English country gentleman."

We had passed for some time along the wall of a park, and at length the chaise stopped at the gate. It was in a heavy magnificent old style, of iron bars, fancifully wrought at top into flourishes and flowers. The huge square columns that supported the gate were surmounted by the family crest. Close adjoining was the porter's lodge, sheltered under dark fir trees, and almost buried in shrubbery.

The postboy rang a large porter's bell, which resounded through the still frosty air, and was answered by the distant barking of dogs, with which the mansion-house seemed garrisoned. An old woman immediately appeared at the gate. As the moonlight fell strongly upon her, I had a full view of a little primitive dame, dressed very much in the antique taste, with a neat kerchief and stomacher, and her silver hair peeping from under



"THE GATE WAS IN A HEAVY MAGNIFICENT OLD STYLE"

a cap of snowy whiteness. She came courtesying forth, with many expressions of simple joy at seeing her young master. Her husband, it seemed, was up at the house keeping Christmas eve in the servants' hall; they could not do without him, as he was the best hand at a song and story in the household.

My friend proposed that we should alight and walk through the park to the hall, which was at no great distance, while the chaise should follow on. Our road wound through a noble avenue of trees, among the naked branches of which the moon glittered, as she rolled through the deep vault of a cloudless sky. The lawn beyond was sheeted with a slight covering of snow, which here and there sparkled as the moonbeams caught a frosty crystal; and at a distance might be seen a thin transparent vapor, stealing up from the low grounds and threatening gradually to shroud the landscape.

We were met by the clamor of a troop of dogs of all sorts and sizes, "mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound, and curs of low degree," that, disturbed by the ring of the porter's bell and the

rattling of the chaise, came bounding, open-mouthed, across the lawn.

“— The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me!”

cried my companion, laughing. At the sound of his voice, the bark was changed into a yelp of delight, and in a moment he was surrounded and almost overpowered by the caresses of the faithful animals.

As we approached the house, we heard the sound of music, and now and then a burst of laughter, from one end of the building. This, my friend said, must proceed from the servants' hall, where a great deal of revelry was permitted, and even encouraged by the squire, throughout the twelve days of Christmas, provided everything was done conformably to ancient usage. Here were kept up the old games of hoodman blind, shoe the wild mare, hot cockles, steal the white loaf, bob apple, and snap dragon: the Yule log and Christmas candle were regularly burnt, and the mistletoe, with its white berries, hung up, to the imminent peril of all the pretty housemaids.

So intent were the servants upon their sports that we had to ring repeatedly before we could make ourselves heard. On our arrival being announced, the squire came out to receive us, accompanied by his two other sons: one a young officer in the army, home on leave of absence; the other an Oxonian, just from the university. The squire was a fine healthy-looking old gentleman, with silver hair curling lightly round an open florid countenance, in which one might discover a singular mixture of whim and benevolence.

The family meeting was warm and affectionate; as the evening was far advanced, the squire would not permit us to change our traveling dress, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large old-fashioned hall.

While the mutual greetings were going on between young Bracebridge and his relatives, I had time to scan this apartment.

The grate had been removed from the wide overwhelming fireplace, to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log glowing and blazing, and sending forth a vast volume of light and heat; this I understood was

the Yule clog, which the squire was particular in having brought in and illumined on a Christmas eve, according to ancient custom.

It was really delightful to see the old squire seated in his hereditary elbow chair, by the hospitable fireside of his ancestors, and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart. Even the very dog that lay stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted his position and yawned, would look fondly up in his master's face, wag his tail against the floor, and stretch himself again to sleep, confident of kindness and protection. There is something in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. I had not been seated many minutes by the comfortable hearth of the worthy old cavalier, before I found myself as much at home as if I had been one of the family.

Supper was announced shortly after our arrival. It was served up in a spacious oaken chamber, the panels of which shone with wax, and around which were several family portraits decorated with

holly and ivy. Besides the accustomed lights, two great wax tapers, called Christmas candles, wreathed with greens, were placed on a highly polished beaufet among the family plate. The
5 table was abundantly spread with substantial fare; but the squire made his supper of frumenty, a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk, with rich spices, being a standing dish in old times for Christmas eve.

10 I was happy to find my old friend, minced pie, in the retinue of the feast; and finding him to be perfectly orthodox, and that I need not be ashamed of my predilection, I greeted him with all the warmth wherewith we usually greet an
15 old and very genteel acquaintance.

The supper had disposed every one to gayety, and an old harper was summoned from the servants' hall, where he had been strumming all the evening, and comforting himself with some
20 of the squire's good things.

The dance, like most dances after supper, was a merry one; some of the older folks joined in it, and the squire himself figured down several couple with a partner, with whom he affirmed

he had danced at every Christmas for nearly half a century.

The party now broke up for the night with the kind-hearted old custom of shaking hands. As I passed through the hall, on my way to my chamber, the dying embers of the Yule clog still sent forth a dusky glow, and had it not been the season when "no spirit dares stir abroad," I should have been half tempted to steal from my room at midnight, and peep whether the fairies might not be at their revels about the hearth.

I had scarcely got into bed when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air just below the window. I listened, and found it proceeded from a band, which I concluded to be the Waits from some neighboring village. They went round the house, playing under the windows. I drew aside the curtains to hear them more distinctly. The moonbeams fell through the upper part of the casement, partially lighting up the antiquated apartment. The sounds, as they receded, became more soft and aerial, and seemed to accord with the quiet and moonlight. I listened and listened—they became more and more tender and remote,

and, as they gradually died away, my head sank upon the pillow, and I fell asleep.

— Adapted from WASHINGTON IRVING: *The Sketch Book*.

39

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

5 Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.
From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
10 Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down;
And still fluttered down the snow.
I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky
15 And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

— Abridged from JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

gloom'ing, twilight; Car rä'ra, fine, white, Italian marble;
Chan'ti cleer, the cock.

Tell in what part of our country this storm took place. What time of day is it? Find the words which make you feel *quiet*. What things are moving? Give all your reasons for knowing that there was no wind in this storm. Why did the pines and firs and hemlocks wear *ermine* and the elm twigs wear *pearl*? Name all the words which stand for snow or describe it. Who is Chanticleer? Find all the words which *sound* like the things they describe.

49

SNOWFLAKES

OUT of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descends the snow.

5

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

10

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Read this poem, shut your eyes, and see the picture which the first stanza gives you.



41

THE SNOWSTORM

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
5 And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

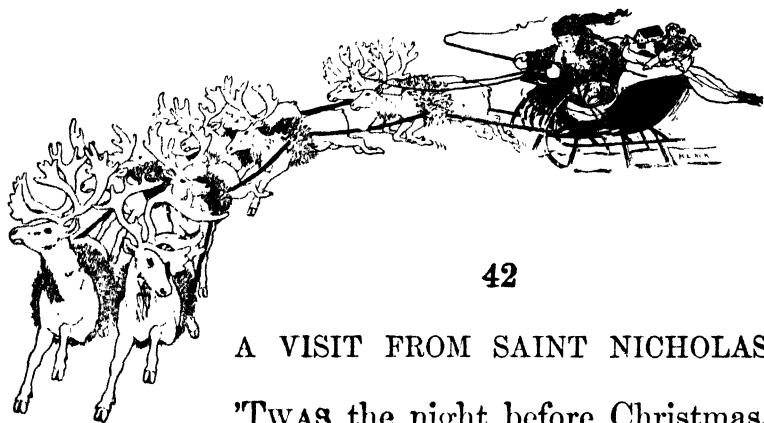
— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.¹

¹ This and the two preceding poems are printed by arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Company

ra'di ant, shining ; tu mult'u ous, stormy.

Compare this poem with Lowell's *First Snow-fall* and Longfellow's *Snowflakes*. Which describes the severest storm ? Compare these descriptions with the following, adapted from Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales* : —

There is snow in yonder cold gray sky of the morning ! — and, through the partially frosted window panes, I love to watch the gradual beginning of the storm. A few feathery flakes are scattered widely through the air, and hover downward with uncertain flight, now almost alighting on the earth, now whirled again aloft into remote regions of the atmosphere. These are not the big flakes, heavy with moisture, which melt as they touch the ground, and are portentous of a soaking rain. It is to be, in good earnest, a wintry storm. The two or three people visible on the sidewalks have an aspect of endurance, a blue-nosed frosty fortitude, as if expecting a comfortless and blustering day. By nightfall, or by morning, the street and our little garden will be heaped with mountain snow-drifts ; and, to a northern eye, the landscape will lose its melancholy bleakness, and acquire a beauty of its own, when Mother Earth shall have put on the fleecy garb of her winter's wear.



42

A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprung from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash,
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects below ;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear, 5
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
name :

10

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and
Vixen!

On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blitzen—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!”

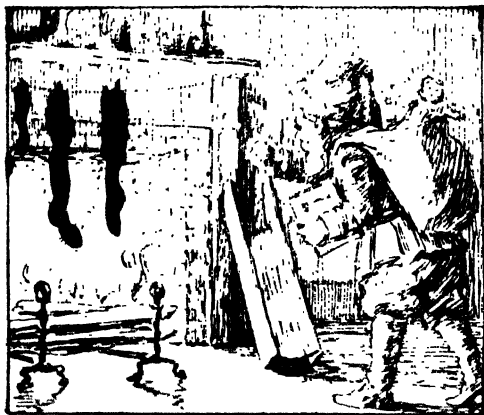
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly 15
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the
sky,

So, up to the house top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and Saint Nicholas,
too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

20

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came with a
 bound;
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his
 foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and
 soot;



• A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his
 pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how
 merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry:

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly 5
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of
jelly.

He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. 10
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a
jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, 15
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of
sight,

“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good
night!”

— CLEMENT C. MOORE.

min'i a ture, small, tiny; ob'sta cle, something in the way;
hur'ri cane, a violent wind storm.

43

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE

I HAVE been looking on, this evening, at a merry company of children assembled around that pretty German toy, a Christmas tree.

Being now at home again, and alone, the only
5 person in the house awake, my thoughts are drawn back, by a fascination which I do not care to resist, to my own childhood. Straight in the middle of the room, cramped in the freedom of its growth by no encircling walls or soon-reached ceiling, a
10 shadowy tree arises; and, looking up into the dreamy brightness of its top, — for I observe in this tree the singular property that it appears to grow downward toward the earth, — I look into my youngest Christmas recollections.

15 All toys at first, I find. But upon the branches of the tree, lower down, how thick the books begin to hang! Thin books in themselves, at first, but, many of them, with deliciously smooth covers of bright red or green. What fat, black letters to
20 begin with!

“A was an archer, and shot a frog.” Of course

he was. He was an apple pie also, and there he is! He was a good many things in his time. was A, and so were most of his friends, except X, who had so little versatility that I never knew him to get beyond Xerxes or Xantippe: like Y, who was ⁵ always confined to a yacht or yew tree; and Z, condemned forever to be a zebra or a zany.

But now the very tree itself changes, and becomes a bean stalk, — the marvelous bean stalk by which Jack climbed up to the giant's house. ¹⁰ Jack, — how noble, with his sword of sharpness and his shoes of swiftness!

Good for Christmas time is the ruddy color of the cloak in which, the tree making a forest of itself for her to trip through with her basket, ¹⁵ Little Red Riding Hood comes to me one Christmas eve, to give me information of the treachery and cruelty of that dissembling wolf who ate her grandmother, without making any impression on his appetite, and then ate her, after making that ²⁰ ferocious joke about his teeth. She was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding Hood, I should have known perfect bliss. But it was not to be, and there was noth-

ing for it but to look out the wolf in the Noah's ark there, and put him in the late procession on the table, as a monster who was to be degraded.

O the wonderful Noah's ark! It was not found
5 seaworthy when put in a washing tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof, and needed to have their legs well shaken down before they could be got in even there; and then ten to one they began to tumble out at the door, which was but im-
10 perfectly fastened with a wire latch; but what was that against it?

Consider the noble fly, a size or two smaller than the elephant; the ladybird, the butterfly, — all triumphs of art! Consider the goose, whose feet
15 were so small and whose balance was so indifferent that he usually tumbled forward and knocked down all the animal creation! Consider Noah and his family, like idiotic tobacco stoppers; and how the leopard stuck to small fingers; and how the tails
20 of the larger animals used gradually to resolve themselves into frayed bits of string.

Hush! Again a forest, and somebody up in a tree, — not Robin Hood, not Valentine, not the Yellow Dwarf, — I have passed him and all Mother

Bunch's wonders without mention, — but an Eastern king with a glittering scimitar and turban. It is the setting-in of the bright Arabian Nights.

O, now all common things become uncommon and enchanted to me! All lamps are wonderful! 5 All rings are talismans! Common flower pots are full of treasure, with a little earth scattered on the top; trees are for Ali Baba to hide in; beefsteaks are to throw down into the Valley of Diamonds, that the precious stones may stick to them, and be 10 carried by the eagles to their nests, whence the traders, with loud cries, will scare them.

Any iron ring let into stone is the entrance to a cave which only waits for the magician, and the little fire, and the necromancy, that will make 15 the earth shake. All the dates imported come from the same tree as that unlucky date, with whose shell the merchant knocked out the eye of the genii's invisible son. All olives are of the stock of that fresh fruit, concerning which the 20 Commander of the Faithful overheard the boy conduct the fictitious trial of the fraudulent olive merchant; all apples are akin to the apple purchased (with two others) from the Sultan's gar-

dener for three sequins, and which the tall black slave stole from the child. All dogs are associated with the dog, really a transformed man, who jumped upon the baker's counter, and put his paw on the piece of bad money. My very rocking-horse, — there he is, with his nostrils turned completely inside-out, indicative of Blood! — should have a peg in his neck, by virtue thereof to fly away with me, as the wooden horse did with the Prince of Persia, in the sight of all his father's Court. Yes, on every object that I recognize among those upper branches of my Christmas tree I see this fairy light.

Still, on the lower and maturer branches of the Tree, Christmas associations cluster thick. School-books shut up; the Rule of Three, with its cool impertinent inquiries, long disposed of; cricket bats, stumps, and balls, left higher up, with the smell of trodden grass and the softened noise of shouts in the evening air; the tree is still fresh, still gay. If I no more come home at Christmas-time, there will be boys and girls (thank Heaven!) while the world lasts; and they do! Yonder they dance and play upon the

branches of my Tree, God bless them, merrily, and my heart dances and plays too!

Now, the tree is decorated with bright merri-ment, and song, and dance, and cheerfulness. And they are welcome. Innocent and welcome be they ever held, beneath the branches of the Christmas Tree, which cast no gloomy shadow!

—CHARLES DICKENS.

en cir'cling, surrounding; **ver sa til'i ty**, the power of doing many things; **dis sem'bling**, deceitful; **fe ro'cious**, fierce, savage; **de grād'ed**, base, low; **sea'wor'thy**, fit for the water; **in-dif'fer ent**, uncertain, unsure; **id i ot'ic**, silly, foolish; **scim'i tar** (sim), a short, curved sword of Eastern origin; **tal'is man**, an object with the power of working a spell or charm (as Aladdin's lamp); **ge'ni i**, spirits in Eastern tales; **in vis'i ble**, that cannot be seen; **tobacco stopper**, a small piece of wood used to push the tobacco down in the pipe; **Robin Hood**, see the stories coming later in this book; **Valentine** and the **Yellow Dwarf** are heroes of old tales written for children.

Language Study: Dictation Exercise. — Copy and study paragraph 1, page 208, until you can write it from dictation.

How many different marks of punctuation must you study?

44

JACK FROST

THE Frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.

5 I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest
10 He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
15 Which he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept:
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,

By the morning light were seen
Most beautiful things!—there were flowers and
trees,
There were beves of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities and temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silvery sheen!

5

But he did one thing that was hardly fair, —
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare.

“Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
“And this costly pitcher I’ll burst in three!
And the glass of water they’ve left for me,
Shall ‘tchick’ to tell them I’m drinking.”

10

— HANNAH F. GOULD.

Train, group; **bêv’ies**, swarms.

On what sort of night did the frost come?

In what way is the frost to be “busy”?

Explain lines 10 and 11, page 212.

What is the “coat of mail,” in line 13, page 212?

What are the “spears” which he “hung on its margin”?

What work of his made him seem “like a fairy”?

What *real* things do the first five lines on this page describe?

Explain the third line of the last stanza.

45

THE SPELLING MATCH

EMMY LOU began to learn. As weeks went by, now and then, Emmy Lou bobbed up a place, although, sooner or later, she slipped back. She was not always at the foot.

5 But no one, not even Dear Teacher, who understood so much, realized one thing. The day after a lesson Emmy Lou knew it. On the day it was recited, Emmy Lou had lacked sufficient time to grasp it.

10 With ten words in the spelling lesson, Emmy Lou listened, letter by letter, to those ten droned out five times down the line, then twice again around the class of fifty. Then Emmy Lou, having already labored faithfully over it, knew her
15 spelling lesson.

And at home it was Emmy Lou's joy to gather her doll children in line, and, giving out past lessons, recite them for her children. And so did Emmy Lou know by heart her Second Reader
20 as far as she had gone; she often gave the lesson with her book upside down. And an old

battered doll, dearest to Emmy Lou's heart, was always head, and Hattie, the newest doll, was next.

It was late in the year when a rumor ran around the Second Reader room. The trustees were coming that day to visit the school. 5

Emmy Lou wondered what trustees were. She asked Hattie. Hattie explained: "They are men in black clothes. You daren't move in your seat. They're something like ministers." Hattie knew everything. 10

"Will they come here, in our room?" asked Emmy Lou. It was terrible to be at the front desk. Emmy Lou remembered the music man. He still pointed his bow at her on Fridays.

"Of course," said Hattie; "comp'ny always comes to our room." 15

Which was true, for Dear Teacher's room was different. Dear Teacher's room seemed always ready, and the principal brought company to it accordingly.

It was after recess they came—the principal, 20 the trustee (there was just one trustee), and a visiting gentleman.

There was a hush as they filed in. Hattie was right. It was like ministers. The principal

was in black, with a white tie. So was the trustee. He rubbed his hands and bowed to the Second Reader class. And the visiting gentleman was in black, with a shiny black hat.

5 The trustee was a big man, and his face was red, and when urged by the principal to address the Second Reader class, his face grew redder.

The trustee waved his hand toward the visiting gentleman. "Mr. Hammel, children, the Hon.
10 Samuel S Hammel, a citizen with whose name you are all, I am sure, familiar." And then the trustee, mopping his face, got behind the visiting gentleman and the principal.

The visiting gentleman stood forth. He was a
15 short, little man, — a little, round man, — whose feet were so far back beneath his waist line that he looked like nothing so much as one of Uncle Charlie's pouter pigeons.

He was a smiling-and-bowing little man, and he
20 held out his fat hand playfully, and in it a shining white box.

Dear Teacher seemed taller and very far off. Emmy Lou watched Dear Teacher anxiously. Something told her Dear Teacher was troubled

The visiting gentleman began to speak. He called the class "dear children," and "mothers of a coming generation," and "molders of the future welfare." . . .

Then, as if struck by a happy thought, he turned to the black-board. He looked about for chalk. The principal supplied him. Fashioned by his fat, white hand, these words sprawled themselves upon the black-board:—

"The best speller in this room is to recieve this medal."

There was silence. Then the Second Reader class moved. It breathed a long breath. .



Dear Teacher took the book. She stood on the platform apart from the gentlemen, and gave out the words distinctly but very quietly. Emmy Lou felt that Dear Teacher was troubled. Emmy Lou
5 thought it was because Dear Teacher was afraid the poor spellers were going to miss. She made up her mind that she would not miss.

Dear Teacher began with the words on the first page and went forward. Emmy Lou could tell
10 the next word to come each time, for she knew her Second Reader by heart as far as the class had gone. She stood up when her time came and spelled her word. Her word was "wrong." She spelled it right. Dear Teacher looked pleased.
15 There was a time when Emmy Lou had been given to leaving off the introductory "w" as superfluous.

On the next round a little girl above Emmy Lou missed on "enough." To her phonetic un-
20 derstanding, a *u* and two *f*'s were equivalent to an *ough*.

Emmy Lou spelled it right and went up one. The little girl went to her seat. She was no longer in the race. She was in tears.

Presently a little girl far up the line arose to spell.

"Right, to do right," said Dear Teacher.

"W-r-i-t-e, right," said the little girl promptly.

"R-i-t-e, right," said the next little girl. 5

The third stood up with triumph. In spelling, the complicated is the surest, reasoned this little girl.

"W-r-i-g-h-t, right," spelled the certain little girl; then burst into tears. 10

The mothers of the future grew demoralized. The pillars of state of English orthography at least seemed destined to totter. The spelling grew wild.

"R-i-t, right."

"W-r-i-t, right." 15

Then in the desperation of sheer hopelessness came "w-r-i-t-e, right," again.

There were tears all along the line. At their wits' end, the mothers, dissolving as they rose in turn, shook their heads hopelessly. 20

Emily Lou stood up. She knew just where the word was in a column of three on page 14. She could see it. She looked up at Dear Teacher, quiet and pale, on the platform.

"R," said Emmy Lou, steadily, "i-g-h-t, right."

A long line of weeping mothers went to their seats, and Emmy Lou moved up past the middle of the bench.

5 The words were now more complicated. The nerves of the mothers had been shaken by this last strain. Little girls dropped out rapidly. The foot moved on up toward the head, until there came a pink spot on Dear Teacher's either cheek.
10 For some reason Dear Teacher's head began to hold itself finely erect again.

"Beaux," said Dear Teacher.

The little girl next the head stood up. She missed. She burst into audible weeping. Nerves
15 were giving out along the line. It went wildly down. Emmy Lou was the last. Emmy Lou stood up. It was the first word of a column on page 22. Emmy Lou could see it. She looked at Dear Teacher.

20 "B," said Emmy Lou, "e-a-u-x."

The intervening mothers had gone to their seats, and Kitty and Emmy Lou were left.

Kitty spelled triumphantly. Emmy Lou spelled steadily. Even Dear Teacher's voice showed a



'EMMY LOU SPELLED STEADILY'

touch of the strain. She gave out half a dozen words. Then "receive," said Dear Teacher.

It was Kitty's turn. Kitty stood up. Dear Teacher's back was to the blackboard. The trustee and the visiting gentleman were also facing the class. Kitty's eyes, as she stood up, were on the board.

"The best speller in this room is to receive this medal,"

was the assurance on the board.

10 Kitty tossed her little head. "R-e, re, c-i-e-v-e, ceive, receive," spelled Kitty, her eyes on the blackboard.

"Wrong."

Emmy Lou stood up. It was the second word
15 in a column on a picture page. Emmy Lou could see it. She looked at Dear Teacher.

"R-e, re, c-e-i-v-e, ceive, receive," said Emmy Lou.

One person besides Kitty had noted the black-
20 board. Already the principal was passing an eraser across the words of the visiting gentleman.

Dear Teacher's cheeks were pink as Emmy Lou's as she led Emmy Lou to receive the medal.

And her head was finely erect. She held Emmy Lou's hand through it all.

— Adapted from GEORGE MARDEN MARTIN: *Emmy Lou*.¹

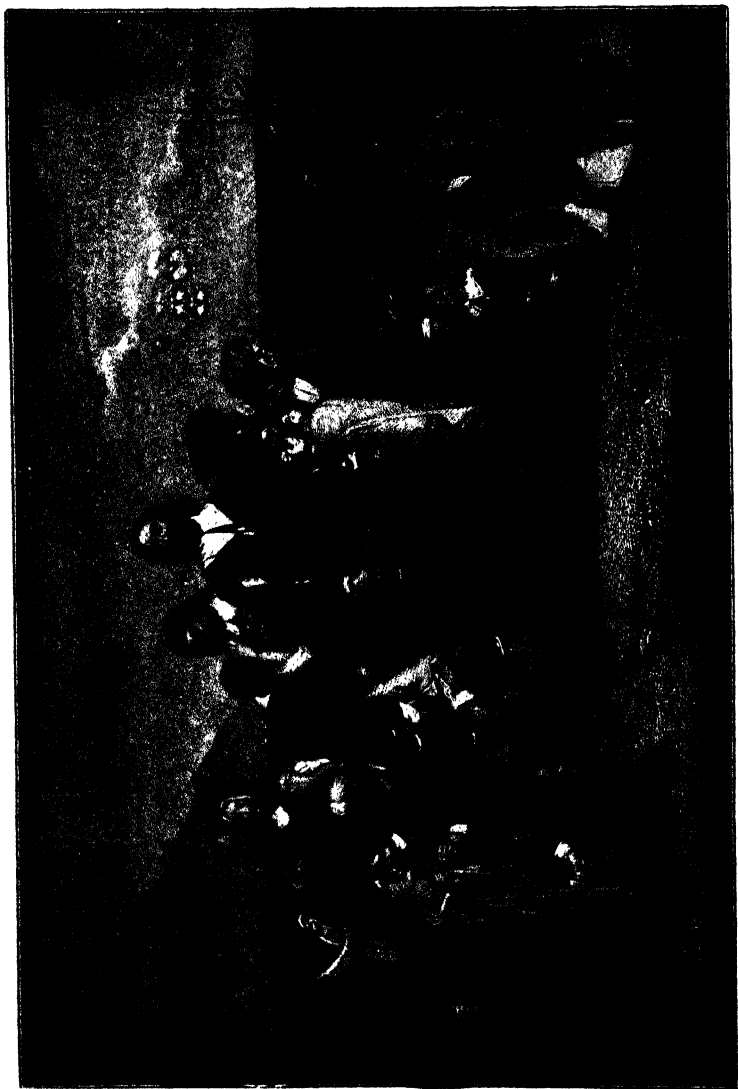
re'al ized, knew, understood; suf fi'cient, enough; ac cord ing ly, therefore; pho net'ic, going by sounds; e quiv'a lent, equal; com'pli ca ted, tangled, difficult; de mor'al ized, upset, unnerved; or thog'ra phy, spelling; dis solv'ing, melting; au'di ble, that can be heard; in ter ven'ing, standing between.

46

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rockbound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed;
 And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.
 Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came,
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums
 And the trumpet that speaks of fame.

¹ By courtesy of McClure, Phillips & Co.



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

5 Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthems of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
10 From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pine of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
15 The wealth of seas; the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They left unstained what there they found —
20 Freedom to worship God.

ex'iles, people driven from their native land ; **moor**, to fasten ; **bark**, a vessel ; **aisle** (īle), a straight passage between rows of seats in a church ; here used of avenues in a forest ; **an'thems**, hymns of praise to God.

Read the poem silently, then ask any questions about parts you do not understand. Then read the poem aloud.

Notice the pictures : —

Stormy beach.

Wind-tossed trees.

Dark, stormy sky.

Heavy night.

Mayflower at anchor.

What sounds do you hear in the poem ? Read the line which tells why the Puritans came. How does the author feel toward them ? Why ?

Commit this poem to memory.

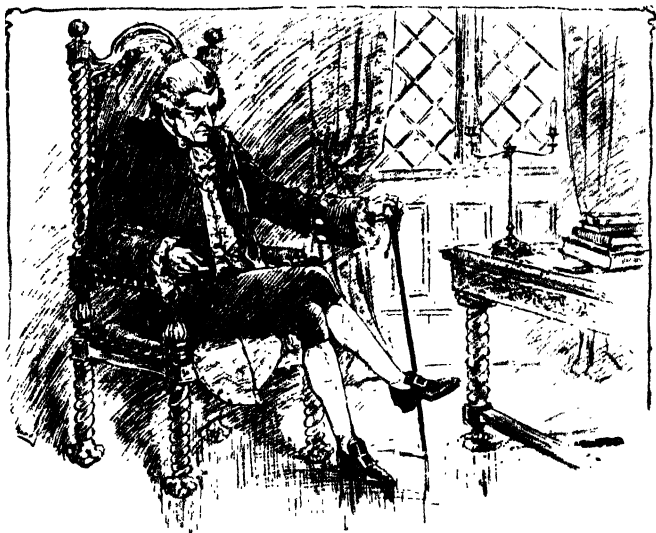
47

THE SUNKEN TREASURE

PICTURE to yourselves, my dear children, a handsome, old-fashioned room, with a large, open cupboard at one end, in which is displayed a magnificent gold cup, with some other splendid articles of gold and silver plate. In another part of the room, opposite to a tall looking-glass, stands our beloved chair, newly polished, and adorned

with a gorgeous cushion of crimson velvet tufted with gold.

In the chair sits a man of strong and sturdy frame, whose face has been roughened by northern tempests and blackened by the burning sun of



the West Indies. He wears an immense periwig flowing down over his shoulders. His coat has a wide embroidery of golden foliage, and his waistcoat likewise is all flowered over and bedizened with gold. His red, rough hands, which have ¹⁰ done many a good day's work with the hammer

and the adze, are half covered by the delicate lace ruffles at his wrists. On a table lies his silver-hilted sword, and in a corner of the room stands his gold-headed cane, made of a beautifully polished West India wood.

Somewhat such an aspect as this did Sir William Phipps present when he sat in Grandfather's Chair after the king had appointed him governor of Massachusetts. Truly, there was need that the old chair should be varnished and decorated with a crimson cushion in order to make it suitable for such a magnificent-looking personage.

But Sir William Phipps had not always worn a gold-embroidered coat, nor always sat so much at his ease as he did in Grandfather's Chair. He was a poor man's son, and was born in the province of Maine, where he used to tend sheep upon the hills in his boyhood and youth. Until he had grown to be a man he did not even know how to read and write. Tired of tending sheep, he apprenticed himself to a ship carpenter, and spent about four years in hewing the crooked limbs of oak trees into knees for vessels.

In 1673, when he was twenty-two years old, he

came to Boston, and soon afterward was married to a widow who had property enough to set him up in business. It was not long, however, before he lost all this money and became a poor man again. Still he was not discouraged. He often told his wife that some time or other he should be very rich, and would build a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston.

Do not suppose, children, that he had been to a fortune teller to inquire his destiny. It was his own energy and spirit of enterprise, and his resolution to lead an industrious life that made him look forward with so much confidence to better days.

Several years passed away, and William Phipps had not gained the riches which he promised to himself. During this time he had begun to follow the sea for a living. In the year 1684 he happened to hear of a Spanish ship which had been cast away near the Bahama Islands, and which was supposed to contain a great deal of gold and silver. Phipps went to the place in a small vessel, hoping that he should be able to recover some of the treasure from the wreck. He did not succeed,

however, in fishing up gold and silver enough to pay the expenses of his voyage.

But before he returned he was told of another Spanish ship, or galleon, which had been cast away near Porto de la Plata. She had now lain as much as fifty years beneath the waves. This ~~old ship~~ had been laden with immense wealth, and hitherto nobody had thought of the possibility of recovering any part of it from the deep sea which was rolling and tossing it about. But though it was now an old story, and the most aged people had forgotten that such a vessel had been wrecked, William Phipps resolved that the sunken treasure should again be brought to light.

15 He went to London and obtained admittance to King James, who had not yet been driven from his throne. He told the king of the vast wealth that was lying at the bottom of the sea. King James listened with attention, and thought this a fine opportunity to fill his treasury with Spanish gold. He appointed William Phipps to be captain of a vessel called the *Rose Algier*, carrying eighteen guns and ninety-five men. So now he was Captain Phipps of the English navy.

Captain Phipps sailed from England in the *Rose Algier*, and cruised for nearly a year in the West Indies, endeavoring to find the wreck of the Spanish ship. But the sea is so wide and deep that it is no easy matter to discover the exact spot where a sunken vessel lies. The prospect of success seemed very small, and most people would have thought that Captain Phipps was as far from having money enough to build a "fair brick house" as he was while he tended sheep.

The seamen of the *Rose Algier* became discouraged, and gave up all hope of making their fortunes by discovering the Spanish wreck. They wanted to compel Captain Phipps to turn pirate. There was a much better prospect, they thought, of growing rich by plundering vessels which still sailed in the sea, than by seeking for a ship that had lain beneath the waves full half a century. They broke out in open mutiny, but were finally mastered by Phipps, and compelled to obey his orders. It would have been dangerous, however, to continue much longer at sea with such a crew of mutinous sailors, and, besides, the *Rose Algier*

was leaky and unseaworthy; so Captain Phipps judged it best to return to England.

Before leaving the West Indies he met with a Spaniard, an old man, who remembered the wreck
5 of the Spanish ship, and gave him directions how to find the very spot. It was on a reef of rocks a few leagues from Porto de la Plata.

On his arrival in England, therefore, Captain Phipps solicited the king to let him have another
10 vessel, and send him back again to the West Indies. But King James, who had probably expected that the *Rose Algier* would return laden with gold, refused to have anything more to do with the affair.

15 Phipps might never have been able to renew the search, if the Duke of Albemarle and some other noblemen had not lent their assistance. They fitted out a ship and gave the command to Captain Phipps. He sailed from England and arrived
20 safely at Porto de la Plata, where he took an adze and assisted his men to build a large boat.

The boat was intended for the purpose of going closer to the reef of rocks than a large vessel could safely venture. When it was finished, the

captain sent several men in it to examine the spot where the Spanish ship was said to have been wrecked. They were accompanied by some Indians who were skillful divers, and could go down a great way in the depths of the sea.

The boat's crew proceeded to the reef of rocks, and rowed round and round it a great many times. They gazed down into the water, which was so transparent that it seemed as if they could have seen the gold and silver at the bottom, had there been any of the precious metals there. Nothing, however, could they see—nothing more valuable than a curious sea shrub which was growing beneath the water in a crevice of the reef of rocks. It flaunted to and fro with the swell and reflux of the waves, and looked as bright and beautiful as if its leaves were gold.

“We won't go back empty-handed,” cried an English sailor; and then he spoke to one of the Indian divers: “Dive down and bring me that pretty sea shrub there. That's the only treasure we shall find.”

Down plunged the diver, and soon rose, dripping from the water, holding the sea shrub in his

hand. But he had learned some news at the bottom of the sea.

“There are some ship’s guns,” said he, the moment he had drawn breath, “some great cannon
5 among the rocks near where the shrub was growing.”

No sooner had he spoken than the English sailors knew that they had found the very spot where the Spanish galleon had been wrecked so
10 many years before. The other Indian divers immediately plunged over the boat’s side, and swam headlong down, groping among the rocks and sunken cannon. In a few moments one of them rose above the water with a heavy lump of silver
15 in his arms. The single lump was worth more than a thousand dollars. The sailors took it into the boat, and then rowed back as speedily as they could, being in haste to inform Captain Phipps of their good luck.

20 But, confidently as the captain had hoped to find the Spanish wreck, yet, now that it was really found, the news seemed too good to be true. He could not believe it till the sailors showed him the lump of silver.



THE FINDING OF THE TREASURE

"Thanks be to God!" then cried Captain Phipps.
"We shall every man of us make our fortunes!"

Hereupon the captain and all the crew set to work with iron rakes and great hooks and lines, fishing for gold and silver at the bottom of the sea. Up came the treasure in abundance. Now they beheld a table of gold and silver, once the property of an old Spanish grandee. Now they found a sacramental vessel which had been destined as a gift to some Catholic church. Now they drew up a golden cup fit for the King of Spain to drink his wine out of. Perhaps the bony hand of its former owner had been grasping the precious cup, and was drawn up along with it. Now their rakes or fishing lines were loaded with masses of silver bullion. There were also precious stones among the treasure, glittering and sparkling, so that it is a wonder how their radiance could have been concealed.

There is something sad and terrible in the idea of snatching all this wealth from the devouring ocean, which had possessed it for such a length of years. It seems as if men had no right to make themselves rich with it. It ought to have

been left with the skeletons of the ancient Spaniards who had been drowned when the ship was wrecked, and whose bones were now scattered among the gold and silver.

But Captain Phipps and his crew were troubled with no such thoughts as these. After a day or two, they lighted on another part of the wreck, where they found a great many bags of silver dollars. But nobody could have guessed that these were money bags. By remaining so long in the salt water, they had been covered over with a crust which had the appearance of stone, so that it was necessary to break them in pieces with hammers and axes. When this was done, a stream of silver dollars gushed out upon the deck of the vessel.

The whole value of the recovered treasure — plate, bullion, precious stones, and all — was estimated at more than two millions of dollars. It was dangerous even to look at such a vast amount of wealth. A sea captain who had assisted Phipps in the enterprise utterly lost his reason at the sight of it. He died two years afterward, still raving about the treasures that lie at the bottom

of the sea. It would have been better for this man if he had left the skeletons of the shipwrecked Spaniards in quiet possession of their wealth.

Captain Phipps and his men continued to fish
5 up plate, bullion, and dollars as plentifully as ever,
till their provisions grew short. Then, as they
could not feed upon gold and silver any more
than old King Midas could, they found it necessary
to go in search of better sustenance. Phipps
10 resolved to return to England. He arrived there
in 1687, and was received with great joy by the
Duke of Albemarle and other English lords who
had fitted out the vessel. Well they might rejoice,
for they took by far the greater part of the
15 treasure to themselves.

The captain's share, however, was enough to
make him comfortable for the rest of his days. It
also enabled him to fulfill his promise to his wife,
by building a "fair brick house" in the Green
20 Lane of Boston. The Duke of Albemarle sent
Mrs. Phipps a magnificent gold cup worth at least
five thousand dollars. Before Captain Phipps left
London, King James made him a knight; so that,
instead of the obscure ship carpenter who had

formerly dwelt among them, the inhabitants of Boston welcomed him on his return as the rich and famous Sir William Phipps.

— FROM NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Grandfather's Chair*.

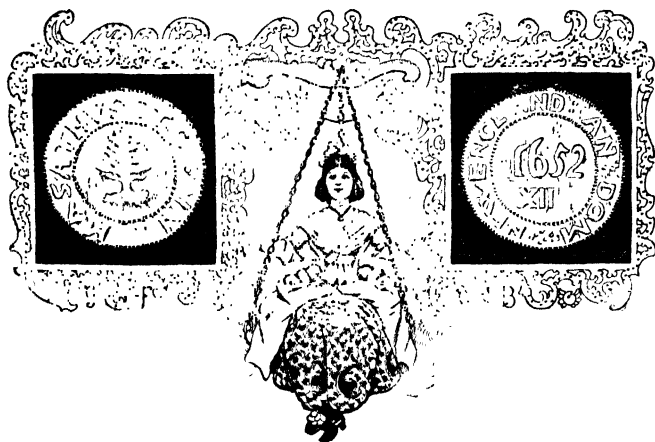
gor'geous, splendid, highly colored ; per'i wig, a large wig ; fo'li age, leaves ; be diz'ened, gaily or flashily ornamented ; des'tiny, that which must happen ; en'ter prise, courage, confidence ; gal'le on, a kind of large ship ; en deav'or, to try ; mu'tiny, rebellion against an officer ; sol'ic'it, to beg ; crev'-ice, a crack ; sac ra ment'al, devoted to the sacrament, a religious service ; des'tined, intended ; bul'lion, silver or gold in the mass ; King Mi'das, who turned whatever he touched into gold.

Review of Use of Capitals. — After reading this story, select and write in a column all the words which begin with a capital, and think why they are so written.

Written Exercise. — Tell in your own words about one of the following parts of the story of *The Sunken Treasure*: —

1. The early life of William Phipps.
2. His unsuccessful attempts to find the treasure.
3. The finding of the treasure.

Robert Louis Stevenson has written a very interesting story of a search for treasure that was hidden by pirates. The story is called *Treasure Island*.



48

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS

CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the money consisted only of gold and silver coin of England, Portugal, and Spain.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets

were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam shells, and this strange sort of specie was taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers: so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver and gold. 10

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of money was still greater. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. 15 Captain John Hull was chosen to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the silver in the colony was handed 20 over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons from worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at

court, — all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which
5 the English buccaneers — who were little better than pirates — had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount
10 of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date 1652 on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember,
15 Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he
20 would but give up that twentieth shilling, but he declared himself perfectly satisfied. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shil-

lings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's Chair: and as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in. 5

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a-court-ing his only daughter.

His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsy—was a fine hearty 10
damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own day. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. 15
With this round, rosy Miss Betsy, did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious habits, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent. 20

“Yes, you may take her,” said he in his rough way; “and you’ll find her a heavy burden enough.”

On the wedding day, we may suppose that

honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's Chair, and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow.

On the opposite side of the room, between her
10 bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold lace waistcoat, with as
15 much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and
20 so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsy herself.

The mint-master, also, was pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had courted Miss Betsy out of pure love, and had said nothing at

all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his menservants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as whole-⁵ sale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities, and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

“Daughter Betsy,” said the mint-master, “get into one side of these scales.”¹⁰

Miss Betsy—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why or wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which¹⁵ case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

“And now,” said honest John Hull to the servants, “bring that box hither.”

The box to which the mint-master pointed was²⁰ a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this

enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury.

But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsy remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

spé'cie, coin ; **quin'tal**, a weight of one hundred pounds ; **buc'ca neer'**, a pirate ; **mag'is trate**, a ruler ; **per'son a ble**, good-looking ; **com mod'i ties**, goods ; **ē norm'ous**, very great ; **re-cep'ta cle**, a vessel or box in which something is held ; **pon'der ous**, heavy.

Language Study: Dictation Exercise. — Copy and study paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 245, so that you can write them from dictation.

What marks of punctuation do you have to think about here ?

Possession and the Apostrophe: Oral Exercise. — Read the following sentences : —

1. The oriole's nest hangs in the elm tree.
2. In the currant bush is a sparrow's nest.
3. The phœbe's nest is built in the gable of Mr. Turner's house.

Find four *apostrophes* in these sentences. The words containing the apostrophes show what ? Who owns the nest in each case ? Who owns the house ?

In writing, ownership or possession is often shown by adding an apostrophe and *s*. If the owners are more than one, and the name ends in *s*, the apostrophe only is added.

For example : —

A bird owns a nest.	The bird's nest.
Two birds own a nest.	The birds' nest.
The mouse owns some cheese.	The mouse's cheese.
Three mice own some cheese.	The mice's cheese.

Written Exercise. — Copy the following sentences : —

1. The squirrels have bushy tails
2. The raccoon has a striped tail.
3. The kitten has long whiskers
4. The girls own a playhouse.
5. The boys have new skates.
6. The house has large windows

Change and write these sentences so that squirrels, raccoon, kitten, girls, boys, and house show the ownership.

For example : —

1. The squirrels' tails are bushy

Copy and punctuate the following sentences from *A Christmas Eve in Old England*.

1. The postboy rang a large porter's bell.
2. Her husband was keeping Christmas eve in the servants' hall.
3. The dog looked fondly up in his master's face.
4. He comforted himself with some of the squire's good things.

In *The First Snow-fall*, page 198; *The Snowstorm*, page 200; *The Pied Piper*, page 132, find and copy the lines which have possessive words.

Further Study of the Apostrophe. — In Charles Dickens' *Christmas Reverie*, page 209, find and copy all the words which show possession.

Use these words in written sentences of your own. Be sure you use the apostrophe correctly.

Possession. -- The following words are taken from *Little John*, page 265, and *Robin Hood and King Richard*, page 271. Use at least eight of them in sentences so that they show possession : --

King Richard, Robin, men, messenger, servant, master, greenwood, Little John, arrow, quiver, stranger, stream.

Dictation. -- From which story in this book are the following sentences taken? Copy and study them until you can write them from dictation, noticing especially the possessive words and uses of the comma : --

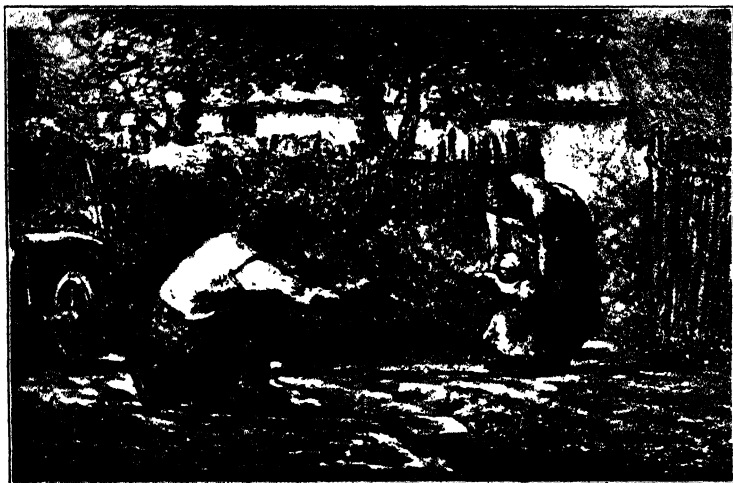
Now imagine yourselves, my dear children, in Master Ezekiel Cheever's schoolroom.

It is a winter's day when we take our peep into the school-room.

A rod of birch is hanging over the fireplace, and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

Some of these boys will upheave the blacksmith's hammer ; others will drive the plane over the carpenter's bench.

Thwack ! thwack ! thwack ! In these good old times a schoolmaster's blows were well laid on.



THE FIRST STEP

From the painting by Millet

49

A PICTURE STUDY

NAME all the objects you can see in this picture.
What relation are these three people to each other?
In what country do they live? (Notice the caps
on the mother and baby, and the artist's name.)

What is the father's work?

In France what would he be called?

Notice the shadows, and tell what time of day it

is. Then tell what the father was doing when his wife and baby met him.

Why did they meet him?

What did Millet especially want us to see in this picture?

Why did he not paint the faces so that we could see them more distinctly?

Notice how nearly every distinct line in this picture is horizontal. Find and name as many as you can. Notice especially that you can almost see a line extending from the father's to the baby's eyes.

Ask your teacher to read to you the story about Millet and his work.

Composition. — Write a composition on one of the following subjects: —

1. The First Step (description of the picture).
2. Jean François Millet's Early Life: —
 - a. His father and mother.
 - b. His work at home.
 - c. His drawing and how he came to study art.
 - d. The subjects he chose for his pictures.

50

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree

The village smithy stands ;

The smith, a mighty man is he,

With large and sinewy hands ;

5 And the muscles of his brawny arms

Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,

His face is like the tan ;

His brow is wet with honest sweat,

10 He earns whate'er he can,

And looks the whole world in the face,

For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night

You can hear his bellows blow ;

15 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,

With measured beat and slow,

Like a sexton ringing the village bell,

When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school

20 Look in at the open door ;

They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church, 6
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice. 10

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes 15
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close; 20
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
6 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

sin'ewy, strong ; **brawn'y**, large and muscular ; **choir** (quire),
a group of singers in a church.

51

THE HERITAGE

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
10 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.
The rich man's son inherits cares ;
15 The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn ;

A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit :
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art ;

A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit? 10

A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door ;

A heritage, it seems to me, 15
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son ! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands ;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens soft white hands, —
This is the best crop from thy lands ;

A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state,
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
6 And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

her'it age, something inherited; be nign', kindly; hold in fee,
to possess.

Ask your teacher to read *The Heritage* aloud to you. Study the meaning. Ask any questions you need to ask about the poem. Then read it in concert with your class. What are all the things which the rich man's son inherits? The things it seems good for him to have? The things it seems bad for him to have? What are all the things which the poor man's son inherits? What may each do to make the world and themselves happier and better?

52

THE CORN SONG

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
10 No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.



Through vales of grass and meads of flowers
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

5 And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
10 Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board ;
15 Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured !

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
20 And bless our farmer girls !

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

12

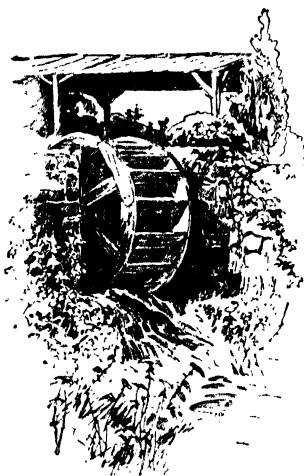
—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

hoard, something stored up for future use ; **lav'ish**, plentiful ; **knead**, to work over thoroughly by pressure of hands ; **vap'id**, empty headed ; **samp**, hominy, a dish made of Indian corn.

Read and study this *Corn Song* as you did *The Heritage*. Why is corn a "wintry hoard"? Find all the other names Whittier gives it. What is meant in the last two lines of the first stanza? Why does the New Englander love the Indian corn better than all the other things Whittier names? Tell about the New England farmers' custom of having husking bees on moonlight nights. What is meant by *earth's goodly root*?

53

THE MILLER OF THE DEE



THERE dwelt a miller, hale
and bold,

Beside the river Dee ;

He worked and sang from
morn till night —

No lark more blithe than
he ;

And this the burden of his
song

Forever used to be :

“I envy nobody — no, not
I —

And nobody envies me ! ”

“Thou’rt wrong, my friend,” said good King Hal,

10 “As wrong as wrong can be ;

For could my heart be light as thine,

I’d gladly change with thee.

And tell me now, what makes thee sing,

With voice so loud and free,

15 While I am sad, though I’m a king,

Beside the river Dee ? ”

The miller smiled and doffed his cap,
 "I earn my bread," quoth he ;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
 I love my children three ;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
 I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
 That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
 "Farewell, and happy be ; 10
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
 That no one envies thee ;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
 Thy mill my kingdom's fee ;
Such men as thou are England's boast 15
 O miller of the Dee !"

— CHARLES MACKAY.

doff (from *do off*), to take off.

Where is the River Dee? Why was the miller happy? Why did King Hal envy him? Why are such men as this miller "England's boast"?

54

FATHER IS COMING

THE clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done ;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on !

5 The wild night wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace ;
He's stronger than the storm ;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
10 His heart it is too warm :

For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light ;
Would all men were the same,
15 So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame !

Folks need not be unkind, austere,
For love hath readier will than fear !

And we'll do all that father likes,
20 His wishes are so few !

Would they were more! that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day,
When I can please him any way.



I know he's coming, by this sign,
The baby's almost wild ;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares; —
Heaven bless the merry child!
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

5

10

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now —

He's through the garden gate;

Run, little Bess, and ope the door,

And do not let him wait!

Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands!

For father on the threshold stands.

— MARY HOWITT.

wold, an open tract of country; *aus tere'*, harsh, stern.

Of these five preceding poems about labor, which one would make the best song?

How many of them are about American workmen?

In what country do the others live?

Memorize the one you like best.

REVIEW OF THE USE OF THE APOSTROPHE

Oral Exercise. — Read the following proverbs and tell in your own words what you think each one means.

1. It's never too late to mend.
2. Where there's a will there's a way.
3. Don't put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day.
4. What can't be cured must be endured.
5. A wise son heareth his father's instruction.
6. A kind voice is like the lark's song.
7. Order is Heaven's first law.

Written Exercise. — Copy them, leaving out all the punctuation, then close your book and carefully punctuate them. Compare your work with the book, and correct if necessary.

Study the spelling, use of capitals and punctuation marks, until you can write them from dictation.

LITTLE JOHN

[More than six hundred years ago, in England, there was said to be a group of Englishmen living in the forests, under the lead of a brave man called Robin Hood. They had been robbed of their lands by the Normans from France, who had conquered England, and they now in turn lived by robbing the rich Normans. They were said never to injure the poor, and to live a life free from care in the forests. Many stories of their deeds were told in the old ballads.]

THE lieutenant of Robin Hood's band was named Little John, not so much for his smallness in stature (for he was seven feet high and more), as for a reason which I shall tell later. And the manner in which Robin Hood, to whom he was very dear, met him was this.

Robin Hood, on one occasion being hunting with his men and finding the sport to be poor, said: "We have had no sport now for some time. So I go abroad alone. And if I should fall into any peril whence I cannot escape, I will blow my horn that ye may know of it and bear me aid." And with that he bade them adieu and departed alone, having with him his bow and the

arrows in his quiver. And passing shortly over a brook by a long bridge he met at the middle a stranger. And neither of the two would give way to the other. And Robin Hood, being
5 angry, fitted an arrow to his bow and made ready to fire.

"Truly," said the stranger at this, "thou art a fine fellow that you must draw your long bow on me, who have but a staff by me."

10 "That is just, truly," said Robin Hood; "and so I will lay by my bow and get me a staff, to try if your deeds be as good as your words." And with that he went into a thicket and chose him a small ground oak for a staff, and returned
15 to the stranger.

"Now," said he, "I am a match for you, so let us play upon this bridge, and if one should fall in the stream the other will have the victory."

"With all my heart," said the stranger; "I
20 shall not be the first to give out."

And with that they began to make great play with their staves. And Robin Hood first struck the stranger such a blow as warmed all his blood, and from that they rattled their sticks as though

they had been threshing corn. And finally the stranger gave Robin Hood such a crack on his crown that he broke his head, and the blood flowed. But this only urged him the more, so that he attacked the stranger with such vigor that ⁵ he had like to have made an end of him. But he, growing into a fury, finally fetched him such a blow that he tumbled him from the bridge into the brook. Whereat the stranger laughed loudly and long, and cried out to him, "Where art thou ¹⁰ now, I prythee, my good fellow?"

And Robin replied, "Thou art truly a brave soul, and I will have no more to do with thee to-day; so our battle is at an end, and I must allow that thou hast won the day." And then, ¹⁵ wading to the bank, he pulled out his horn and blew a blast on it, so that the echoes flew throughout the valley.

And at that came fifty bold bowmen out of the wood, all clad in green, and they made for ²⁰ Robin Hood, and said William Stukely, "What is the matter, my master? you are wet to the skin."

"Truly nothing is the matter," said Robin,

"but that the lad on the bridge has tumbled me into the stream." And on that the archers would have seized the stranger to duck him as well, but Robin Hood forbade them. "No one shall harm thee, friend," said he. "These are all my bowmen, threescore and nine, and if you will be one of us, you shall straightway have my livery and accouterments fit for a man. What say you?"

10 "With all my heart," said the stranger; "here is my hand on it. My name is John Little, and I will be a good man and true to you."

"His name shall be changed," said William Stukely on this. "We will call him Little John, 15 and I will be his godfather."

So they fetched a pair of fat does and some humming strong ale, and there they christened their babe Little John, for he was seven feet high and an ell round his waist.

— From the *Legends of King Arthur*, by THOMAS BULFINCH.

lieu ten'ant (lū), an officer next in command to the chief; **per'il**, danger; **pry'thee**, pray thee; **liv'ery**, a uniform; **accou'ter ments**, the implements and equipment of a soldier; **chris'ten** (en), to name: **doe**, a female deer.

Name Words (Nouns). — Perhaps you have heard the following proverbs. Try to fill each blank place with the right word.

1. As the twig is bent the ——— inclines.
2. Make hay while the — — shines.
3. A friend in need is a ——— indeed.
4. A new ——— sweeps clean.
5. Tall oaks from little ——— grow.
6. Many ——— make light work.
7. Time and ——— wait for no man.
8. Haste makes ———.

Be able to write these eight proverbs from dictation.

Which one is a command?

What kind of sentences are all the others?

Action Words (Verbs). — Read the following proverbs and try to fill the blank places with the right words.

1. Handsome is that handsome ———.
2. A stitch in time ——— nine.
3. Birds of a feather ——— together.
4. Actions ——— louder than words.
5. Still waters ——— deep.
6. Straws ——— which way the wind blows.
7. He laughs best who ——— last.
8. Wilful waste ——— woful want.

Study the six you like best so that you can write them from memory.

Describing Words (Adjectives). — Study the following proverbs until you can fill the blanks with the right words.

1. A — stone gathers no moss.
2. Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, —, and —.
3. A — answer turneth away wrath.
4. The — bird catches the worm.
5. A small spark makes a — fire.
6. A — dog seldom bites.
7. Half a loaf is better than — bread.

Select the five you like best and study them so that you can write them from memory.

Common Sayings. — For a very long time people have been using all these proverbs you have been studying, and many more. Some of them come from the Bible. From those which follow select the ones which you understand, and give their meaning in your own words.

1. Beauty is only skin deep.
2. A wise man keepeth his own counsel.
3. Have a place for everything and put everything in its place.
4. Practice makes perfect.
5. Well begun is half done.
6. Money is a good servant.
7. Do not count your chickens before they are hatched.
8. East or west, home is best.
9. Enough is as good as a feast.
10. Wisdom is better than rubies.
11. They who play with edged tools must expect to be cut.
12. Straws swim, but pearls lie at the bottom.

From all these proverbs you have been studying, select five and show how each might be used.

For example : —

Mary's flower bed needed weeding. She wanted to leave it until afternoon, but decided to do it directly after breakfast. Soon after she had finished weeding it began to rain, and her mother said, "It is always best to make hay while the sun shines."

Why do you think people have remembered and repeated these proverbs for so many generations? Every nation has them; even the savages, such as the Indians, Eskimos, and Africans, who have little or no writing, say them to their children.

Here is one from the people of eastern Asia : —

"Who learns and learns, but acts not what he knows

Is one who plows and plows and never sows."

Tell in your own words what this means.

56

ROBIN HOOD AND KING RICHARD

Now King Richard, hearing of the deeds of Robin Hood and his men, wondered much at them, and desired greatly himself to see him, and his men as well. So he, with a dozen of his lords, rode to Nottingham town, and there took up his abode.

And being at Nottingham, the king one day, with his lords, put on friars' gowns every one, and rode forth from Fountain Abbey down to Barnsdale. And as they were riding there they
5 saw Robin Hood and all his band standing ready to assail them. The king, being taller than the rest, was thought by Robin to be the abbot. So he made up to him and seized his horse by the head, and bade him stand. "For," said he, "it
10 is against such knaves as you that I am bound to make war."

"But," said the king himself, "we are messengers from the king, who is but a little away, waiting to speak with you."

15 "God save the king," said Robin Hood, "and all his well-wishers. And accursed be every one who may deny his sovereignty."

"You are cursing yourself," said the king, "for you are a traitor."

20 "Now," said Robin Hood, "if you were not the king's messenger, I would make you rue that word of yours. I am as true a man to the king as lives. And I never yet injured any honest man and true, but only those who make



ROBIN HOOD AND THE KING

their living by stealing from others. I have never in my life harmed either husbandman or huntsman. My chief spite lies against the clergy, who have in these days great power. But I am
5 right glad to have met you here. Come with me, and you shall taste our greenwood cheer."

But the king and his lords marvelled, wondering what kind of cheer Robin might provide for them.

10 And Robin took the king's horse by the head, and led toward his tent. "It is because thou comest from the king," said he, "that I use you in this wise; and hadst thou as much gold as ever I had, it should be all of it safe for good
15 King Richard's sake."

And with that he took out his horn and blew on it a loud blast. And thereat came marching forth from the wood fivescore and ten of Robin's followers, and each one bent the knee before
20 Robin Hood.

"Surely," thought the king, "it is a goodly sight to see; for they are more humble to their master than my servants are to me. Here may the court learn something from the greenwood."

And they laid a dinner for the king and his lords, and the king swore that he had never feasted better. Then Robin Hood, taking a can of ale, said: "Let us now begin, each man with his can. Here's a health to the king." And they all drank the health to the king, the king himself 5 as well as another.

And after the dinner, they all took their bows and showed the king such archery that the king said he had never seen such men in any foreign land. 10

And then said the king to Robin Hood, "If I could get thee a pardon from King Richard, wouldst thou serve the king well in everything?"

"Yes, with all my heart," said Robin. And so said all his men. 15

And with that the king declared himself to them, and said:—

"I am the king, your sovereign, that is now before you."

And at this Robin and all his men fell down 20 on their knees; but the king raised them up, saying to them that he pardoned each one of them, and that they should every one of them

be in his service. So the king returned to Nottingham, and with him returned Robin Hood and his men, to the great joy of the townspeople, whom they had for a long time sorely vexed.

6 "And they are gone to London court,
 Robin Hood and all his train ;
 He once was there a noble peer,
 And now he's there again."

— From the *Legends of King Arthur*, by THOMAS BULFINCH.

fri'ar, a wandering priest ; **knave**, a worthless fellow ; **hus'band man**, a farmer ; **trait'or**, one who betrays friend or country ; **mar'vel**, to wonder ; **cler'gy**, the priests ; **sov'er eign** (en), king.

Copy and study, so you can write from dictation, paragraphs 3, 4, 5, 8, 13, 14 (the conversation between Robin and Richard).

57

THE COTTAGER AND HER INFANT

THE days are cold, the nights are long,
10 The north wind sings a doleful song ;
Then hush again upon my breast ;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light,
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window-pane bedropped with rain;
There, little darling, sleep again,
And wake when it is day.

10

—DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

dole'ful, sad.

Read this lullaby over and over until you can almost sing it. What season of the year is it? Prove it in as many ways as you can. What time of day is it? Read the lines which tell this. Write a description of the home, as you imagine it, in which the mother is singing.

COMPARISONS

The following comparisons are many of them as old as the proverbs you have studied.

This list is all about animals. The best-known ones are left for you to copy and fill in the blank with the name of the animal: —

1. As solemn as an owl.
2. As harmless as a dove.
3. As wise as a serpent.
4. As gay as a bird.

5. As brave as a lion.
6. As swift as a deer.
7. As fierce as a tiger.
8. As slow as a snail.
9. With sight as keen as an eagle's.
10. As timid as a rabbit.
11. As busy as a —.
12. As quiet as a —.
13. As sly as a —.
14. As quick as a —.
15. As faithful as a —.
16. As blind as a — in daytime.
17. As gentle as a —.
18. As greedy as a —.
19. As silly as a —.
20. As vain as a —.

Make eight sentences (two statements, two questions, two exclamations, and two commands), each one containing one of these comparisons.

For example : —

George shouted, "Mother, isn't dinner ready? I'm as hungry as a bear!"

No doubt you can think of many more familiar comparisons, such as : —

1. As dark as a dungeon.
2. As hard as a stone.
3. As green as —.

Make a written list of as many as you can remember or learn from talking with other people.



58

LULLABY

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby;
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby;
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

—THOMAS DEKKER.

59

LUCY GRAY

OFt had I heard of Lucy Gray;
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary Child.

5 No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
10 The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go:
15 And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, father, will I gladly do:
’Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster clock has just struck two;
20 And yonder is the moon.”

At this the father raised
his hook,
And snapped a fagot
band;
He plied his work —
and Lucy took
The lantern in her
hand.

Not blither is the moun-
tain roe :

With many a wanton
stroke
Her feet disperse the
powdery snow,
That rises up like
smoke.

The storm came on
before its time :

She wandered up and
down ;
And many a hill did
Lucy climb,
But never reached
the town.



The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept — and, turning homeward, cried
“In Heaven we all shall meet!”
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Half breathless, from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed —
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank —
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

10

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

min'ster, a church; **fag'ot**, a stick of wood for burning;
fur'long, an eighth of a mile.

Copy and study the fourth and fifth stanzas of *Lucy Gray*
until you can write them from dictation.

Upon what errand was Lucy sent? Describe the search for
her. When did her parents know that she was lost? What
do the last two stanzas mean?

60

A LETTER

VENICE, ITALY,

August 13, 1882.

DEAR GERTIE:—

When the little children in Venice want to take
5 a bath, they just go down to the front steps of the
house and jump off, and swim about in the street.
Yesterday I saw a nurse standing on the front
steps, holding one end of a string, and the other
end was tied to a little fellow who was swimming
10 up the street. When he went too far, the nurse
pulled in the string, and got her baby home again.
Then I met another youngster, swimming in the
street, whose mother had tied him to a post by
the side of the door, so that when he tried to
15 swim away to see another boy, who was tied to
another door post up the street, he couldn't, and
they had to sing out to one another over the water.

Is not this a queer city? You are always in
danger of running over some of the people and
20 drowning them, for you go about in a boat, in-
stead of a carriage, and use an oar, instead of a
horse. But it is ever so pretty, and the people,

especially the children, are very bright, and gay, and handsome. When you are sitting in your room at night, you hear some music under your window, and look out, and there is a boat with a man with a fiddle, and a woman with a voice, and they are serenading you. To be sure, they want some money when they are done, for everybody begs here, but they do it very prettily, and are full of fun.

Tell Susie I did not see the Queen this time.¹⁰ She was out of town. But ever so many noblemen and princes have sent to know how Toody was, and how she looked, and I have sent them all her love.

There must be lots of pleasant things to do at¹⁵ Andover, and I think you must have had a beautiful summer there. Pretty soon, now, you will go back to Boston. Do go into my house when you get there, and see if the doll and her baby are well and happy (but do not carry them off); and^x make the music box play a tune, and remember your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.¹

¹ This and the following letters of Phillips Brooks are reprinted by arrangement with Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

Letter Writing. — The preceding letter was written by Phillips Brooks to his little niece.

Why is this a letter that you would be glad to get?

The line which tells *where* the letter was written is the **heading**. The line which tells *when* the letter was written is the **date**. The line which tells *to whom* the letter was written is the **salutation**. The line which says *good-by* is the **ending**. The *name of the writer* is the **signature**.

In this letter from Dr. Brooks read aloud the **heading**, the **date**, the **salutation**, the **ending**, the **signature**.

Copy the heading and date, the first paragraph and the ending of this letter, being careful about the arrangement and punctuation.

You may use this as a pattern for a friendly letter, and the following for addressing an envelope.

61

A LETTER

56 GRAND HOTEL, VIENNA,

November 19, 1882.

Very private!!

DEAR GERTIE:—

6 This letter is an awful secret between you and me. If you tell anybody about it, I will not speak to you all this winter. And this is what it is about. You know Christmas is coming, and I

am afraid that I shall not get home by that time, and so I want you to go and get the Christmas presents for the children. The grown people will not get any from me this year. But I do not want the children to go without, so you must find out, in the most secret way, just what Agnes and Toodie would most like to have, and get it and put it in their stockings on Christmas Eve. Then you must ask yourself what you want, but without letting yourself know about it, and get it too, and put it in your own stocking, and be very much surprised when you find it there. And then you must sit down and think about Josephine DeWolf and the other baby at Springfield whose name I do not know, and consider what they would like, and have it sent to them in time to reach them on Christmas Eve. Will you do all this for me? You can spend five dollars for each child, and if you show your father this letter, he will give you the money out of some of mine which he has got. That rather breaks the secret, but you will want to consult your father and mother about what to get, especially for the Springfield children; so you may tell them about it, but do not dare to let any

of the children know of it until Christmas time. Then you can tell me in your Christmas letter just how you have managed about it all. . . .

This has taken up almost all my letter, and so
5 I cannot tell you much about Vienna. Well, there is not a great deal to tell. It is an immense great city with very splendid houses and beautiful pictures and fine shops and handsome people. But I do not think the Austrians are nearly as
10 nice as the ugly, honest Germans. Do you?

Perhaps you will get this on Thanksgiving Day. If you do, you must shake the turkey's paw for me, and tell him that I am very sorry I could not come this year, but I shall be there next year certain!
15 Give my love to all the children. I had a beautiful letter from aunt Susan the other day, which I am going to answer as soon as it stops raining. Tell her so if you see her. Be a good girl, and do not study too hard, and keep our
20 secret.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

Pretend you are the Gertie to whom Dr. Brooks wrote this second letter, and answer it, addressing the envelope to the address given in the letter heading.

Letter Writing. — Using the following list of people and addresses, address five make-believe envelopes.

a. Miss Margaret C. Johnson lives at 604 Madison Street, Syracuse, New York.

b. Mrs. James R. Connor lives at Silver City, New Mexico.

c. Mr. Alfred J. Leonard may be addressed at the Ryan Hotel, St. Paul, Minnesota.

d. Mrs. Milton O. Ford is staying at Old Forge, Herkimer Co., New York.

e. General Robert L. Howe is at San José, California.

A LETTER

GRAND HOTEL, PARIS,

August 27, 1885.

MY DEAR TOOD:—

It really begins to look as if we were actually coming home, for you see the *Pavonia* arrived yesterday at Liverpool, and she will stay there until next Wednesday, and then she expects me to go back in her. It seems very likely, therefore, that two weeks from day after to-morrow, I shall come ashore in Boston; then I shall see you¹⁰ and have the chance to thank you for all your pleasant letters, which it has been a very great delight to get, and which have very much relieved

the weariness and troubles of my journey. I think that you are one of the very best letter writers for your time of life that I know, and when you drop into poetry it is beautiful. So I will thank you when I get home, and we will sit in the shadow of the corn-barn and talk it over.

Paris is very bright and gay and pretty. Yesterday I went out to the Jardin d'Acclimatation (say that if you can), and the monkeys were very funny. How would it do to get three monkeys for North Andover, and tie them to a post in the side yard and see them play and fight? How would Tom like it? And do you think it would please Johnny, or would he only think they were some more Brooks children? I am afraid you have not seen much of Johnny this year. That is not wise. For he is a very brilliant little boy, and it would be a great advantage to you and A. if you talked with him. . . .

80

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

Letter Writing. — Write a letter to your teacher or one of your classmates, telling about some picnic or adventure that you had in your last vacation. Give your home address in the heading.

Put on the envelope the address which the one to whom you are writing has given you.

Writing a Diary. — Have you ever read some one's diary? Talk with your teacher and classmates about what a diary is, and how it should be kept.

Keep a diary for every day of the next week; then bring it to school and exchange with one of your friends in the class, so you can suggest corrections to each other.

63

A DREAM LESSON

ONCE there was a little boy that wouldn't go to
bed,

When they hinted at the subject, he would only
shake his head,

When they asked him his intentions, he informed
them pretty straight

That he wouldn't go to bed at all, and Nursesey
needn't wait.

As their arguments grew stronger, and their atti-
tude more strict,

I grieve to say that naughty boy just yelled and
screamed and kicked.

And he made up awful faces, and he told them up
and down

That he wouldn't go to bed for all the nurses in
the town.

Then Nursey lost her patience, and although it
wasn't right,

Retorted that for all she cared he might sit up all
night.

He approved of this arrangement, and he danced
5 a jig for joy,

And turned a somersault with glee; he *was* a
naughty boy.

And so they all went off to bed and left him sit-
ting there,

Right in the corner by the fire in Grandpa's big
armchair.

He read his books and played his games, — he
even sang a song,

And thought how lovely it would be to sit up all
10 night long.

But soon his games grew stupid, and his puzzles
wouldn't work;

He drew himself up stiffly with a sudden little jerk,

And he said, "I am not sleepy, and I love to play alone—

And — I — think —" the rest was mumbled in a drowsy monotone.

He leaned back
on the cushions like that
night he had
the croup;

His head began to
wobble and
his eyes began
to droop,

He closed them for
a minute, just
to see how it
would seem,

And straightway
he was sound asleep, and dreamed this awful
dream!

He thought he saw a garden filled with flowers
and roses gay,

A great big gardener with a hoe came walking
down his way;



" Ah, ha ! " exclaimed the gardener, as he clutched him by the head,

" Here's a fine specimen I've found ; I'll plant him in this bed ! "

He held the boy in one big hand, unheeding how he cried,

And with the other dug a hole enormous, deep, and wide.

He jammed the little fellow in, and said in gruffest
6 tone,

" This is the bed for naughty boys who won't go to their own."

And then the dirt was shoveled in, — it covered up his toes,

His ankles, knees, and waist, and arms, and higher yet it rose.

For still the gardener shoveled on, not noticing his cries ;

It came up to his chin and mouth — it almost
10 reached his eyes ;

Just then he gathered all his strength and gave an awful scream,

And woke himself, and put an end to that terrific dream.



And he said as Nursey tucked him up and bade
him snugly rest,
“When I am planted in a bed, I like my own the
best.”

—CAROLYN WELLS: *The Jingle Book*.

ar'gu ment, what is said to convince another; at'ti tude,
manner; re tort', reply; mon'o tone, a level tone of voice;
spec'i men, an example of a certain kind of plant or animal;
ter rif'ic, terrible.

64

CATCHING FIREFLIES IN JAPAN

MANY persons in Japan earn their living during the summer months by catching and selling fireflies; indeed, the extent of this business entitles it to be regarded as a special industry. The chief center of this industry is the region about Ishiyama, in Goshū, by the lake of Ōmi,—a number of houses there supplying fireflies to many parts of the country, and especially to the great cities of Ōsaka and Kyōtō. From sixty to seventy firefly catchers are employed by each of the principal houses during the busy season. Some training is required for the occupation. A tyro might find it no easy matter to catch a hundred fireflies in a single night; but an expert has been known to catch three thousand. The methods of capture, although of the simplest possible kind, are very interesting to see.

Immediately after sunset, the firefly hunter goes forth, with a long bamboo pole upon his shoulder, and a long bag of brown mosquito

netting wound, like a girdle, about his waist. When he reaches a wooded place frequented by fireflies, — usually some spot where willows are planted, on the bank of a river or lake, — he halts and watches the trees. As soon as the trees begin to twinkle satisfactorily, he gets his net ready, approaches the most luminous tree, and with his long pole strikes the branches. The fireflies, dislodged by the shock, do not immediately take flight, as more active insects would do under like circumstances, but drop helplessly to the ground, beetle-wise, where their light — always more brilliant in moments of fear or pain — renders them conspicuous. If suffered to remain upon the ground for a few moments, they will fly away. But the catcher, picking them up with astonishing quickness, using both hands at once, deftly tosses them *into his mouth* — because he cannot lose the time required to put them, one by one, into the bag. Only when his mouth can hold no more, does he drop the fireflies, unharmed, into the netting.

Thus the firefly catcher works until about two o'clock in the morning, — the old Japanese hour

of ghosts, — at which time the insects begin to leave the trees and seek the dewy soil. There they are said to bury their tails, so as to remain viewless. But now the hunter changes his tactics. Taking a bamboo broom, he brushes the surface of the turf lightly and quickly. Whenever touched or alarmed by the broom, the fireflies display their lanterns, and are immediately nipped and bagged. A little before dawn the hunters return to town.

At the firefly shops the captured insects are sorted as soon as possible, according to the brilliancy of their light, — the more luminous being the higher priced. Then they are put into gauze-covered boxes or cages, with a certain quantity of moistened grass in each cage. From one hundred to two hundred fireflies are placed in a single cage, according to grade. To these cages are attached small wooden tablets inscribed with the names of customers, — such as hotel proprietors, restaurant keepers, wholesale and retail insect merchants, and private persons who have ordered large quantities of fireflies for some particular festivity. The boxes are dispatched to their destinations by

nimble messengers,—for goods of this class cannot be safely intrusted to express companies.

Great numbers of fireflies are ordered for display at evening parties in the summer season. A large Japanese guest room usually overlooks a garden; and during a banquet or other evening entertainment, given in the sultry season, it is customary to set fireflies at liberty in the garden after sunset, that the visitors may enjoy the sight of the sparkling. Restaurant keepers purchase largely. In the famous Dōtombori of Ōsaka, there is a house where myriads of fireflies are kept in a large space inclosed by mosquito netting, and customers of this house are permitted to enter the inclosure and capture a certain number of fireflies to take home with them.

The wholesale price of living fireflies ranges from three sen per hundred up to thirteen sen per hundred, according to season and quality. Retail dealers sell them in cages; and in Tokyo the price of a cage of fireflies ranges from three sen up to several dollars. The cheapest kind of cage, containing only three or four fireflies, is scarcely more than two inches square; but the

costly cages — veritable marvels of bamboo work, beautifully decorated — are as large as cages for song birds. Firefly cages of charming or fantastic shapes — model houses, junks, temple lanterns,



etc. — can be bought at prices ranging from thirty sen up to one dollar.

Firefly catching, as a business, is comparatively modern; but firefly hunting, as a diversion, is a very old custom. Anciently it was an aristocratic amusement, and great nobles used to give firefly-hunting parties — *botaru-gari*. In this busy era

of Meiji the *botaru-gari* is rather an amusement for children than for grown-up folks; but the latter occasionally find time to join in the sport. All over Japan, the children have their firefly hunts every summer—moonless nights being usually chosen for such expeditions. Girls follow the chase with paper fans; boys, with long, light poles, to the ends of which wisps of fresh bamboo grass are tied. When struck down by a fan or a wisp, the insects are easily secured, as they are slow to take wing after having once been checked in actual flight. While hunting, the children sing little songs, supposed to attract the shining prey. These songs differ according to locality; and the number of them is wonderful.

As a rule the children hunt only in parties, for obvious reasons. In former years it would have been deemed foolhardy to go alone in pursuit of fireflies, because there existed certain uncanny beliefs concerning them. And in some of the country districts these beliefs still prevail. What appear to be fireflies may be malevolent spirits, or goblin flies, or fox lights, kindled to delude the wayfarer. Even real fireflies are not always to

be trusted; the weirdness of their kinships might be inferred from their love of willow trees. Other trees have their particular spirits, good or evil, hamadryads or goblins; but the willow is particularly the tree of the dead—the favorite of human ghosts. Any firefly may be a ghost—who can tell? Besides, there is an old belief that the soul of a person still alive may sometimes assume the shape of a firefly.

— Adapted from LAFCADIO HEARN: *Kotto*.

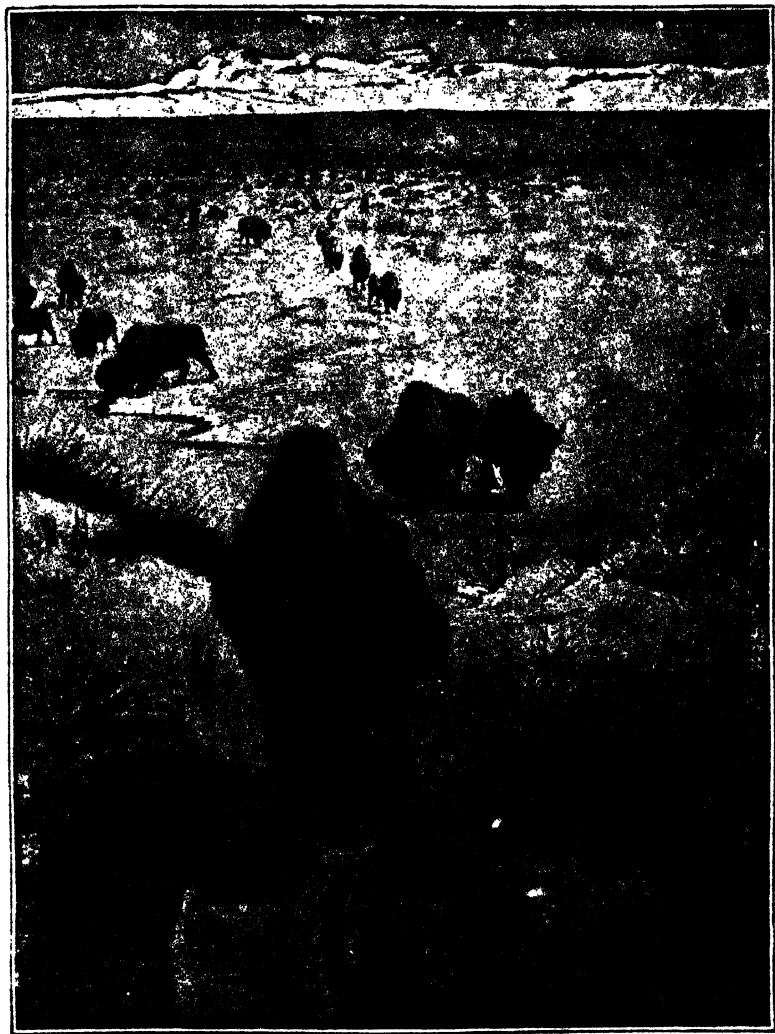
sen, a Japanese coin worth about four-fifths of a cent.

Japanese names are usually accented on the next to the last syllable.

65

MONARCHS IN EXILE

10 STUPIDITY was the chief fault, or rather misfortune, of the buffalo. The foremost buffalo in the picture is an old male; these males were often six feet high at the shoulder, and measured ten feet from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail, 15 eight feet around the body just behind the fore legs, and weighed from fifteen to seventeen hundred pounds. Those seen at the circus were born in



THE BUFFALO

captivity, and are much smaller. The ponderous head is shaggy, with a tufted crown between the curved horns that match the hoofs in blackness. The nose and lips are bare, but the chin is bearded.

5 The shoulders and fore legs down to the knees are covered, generally, with thick woolly hair, while the hair on the back parts of the body is shorter and more wavy. The hair varies in color and length on the different parts of the

10 animal, ranging from yellowish brown to nearly black, and being from four to ten inches in length. Under the long hair and wool is a thick under-fur, which grows on the approach of cold weather and is shed, or moulted, again

15 before summer.

The buffalo has a hard time with his coat, and looks really respectable for only a very small part of the year. During four months he is well dressed, for the other eight he appears in various stages of

20 rags and tatters. In October he is quite a gentleman, wearing a new suit of beautifully shaded brown and buff which he manages to keep fresh and bright until after Christmas. Soon after this the effects of wear and tear, storm and snow,

appear in a general fading. You can easily see, however, that the buffalo, with his winter coat, added to a thick hide, could defy the weather even of the most open, wind-swept country, and must be one of the hardiest of our fourfoots. 5

All this tells you how the animal looked. Next you must know why he was king of American fourfoots: it was because of his usefulness to the two-footed Americans — the Indians who lived with him in wood, plain, and prairie, but chiefly 10 in the open plains. In the long ago every part of the buffalo was of service to the wild people who had never seen a white face, a horse, or a gun. In fact, it is strange that this shaggy brown monster of the plain was not worshiped by the savages 15 as a god; for during the last three hundred years of their liberty it was the buffalo chiefly that made it possible for them to live. As long as the Indian had the buffalo to supply his needs, he was independent and unconquerable. 20

In the far back time, of which there is no written history, men had no other instruments of killing than did the beast brotherhood, not even the stone ax, or bow and arrow. They were closely akin

to the wild beasts themselves, who were armed only with teeth, claws, and cunning. Man must have lived originally on fruits or animals weaker and less sure-footed than himself. In this struggle for a living the mind in man began to develop, and he shaped a club or a stone ax, made traps, and then caught animals that gave him material for better weapons. What animal could give him more than the buffalo?

10 The hairy skin made warm robes and other garments, the hairless hides furnished tent coverings, bags for carrying food, and, later, when horses came, saddles, also boats, shields, rawhide ropes, etc. The sinews made the thread to sew the robes, the lattice for the snowshoes and strings
15 for bows; from the bones were fashioned many articles of use and ornament; the hoofs and horns gave drinking cups and spoons, as well as the glue with which the Indian fastened his stone arrow-
20 heads to their wooden shafts. These parts of the buffalo would alone have made him valuable; but we have not mentioned the meat, the rich, nourishing, wild beef of North America. Think of the hundreds of pounds of food one beast would yield!

The meat of the old buffaloes was tough, as the meat of any other old animal is likely to be; but the beef of the three-year-old, or the cows, is as delicious as our best roast beef.

Only a part of the meat was eaten fresh, the rest was dried in various ways and kept for further use; for the whole thought of the savage was given to self-preservation from two ghosts that crossed his path at every step, — his human enemies and starvation. Often the last was the more cruel of the two. So the buffalo tongues were smoked and dried, the marrow from the bones packed away in skins, while all the titbits were pounded fine, mixed with melted fat, and sometimes berries also, to make a sort of hash more nearly like sausage meat than anything else, which was called *pemmican*. When we think of the buffalo, we must think of the Indian also, and if the Indian did much at last to send this beast brother into exile, he also has shared it with him. 20

The buffalo's history is in three acts and many scenes. First, the golden days of peace and plenty, the rightful killing for food, with laborious hunting, a fair fight between man and beast.

"Take what ye need to eat," said Nature to man and beast alike.

Then the white and red men joined in the pursuit; fleet horses were used in the chase instead of men's feet, bullets killing from afar replaced the arrows shot at close range. There was not merely meat to eat or hides for covering, or reasonable trade, but waste and butchery. Skins traded for whisky, — the skins, too, of cows and their young.

Last of all came the railroads, bringing the white hunter with his deadly aim into the last retreat of the herds. These three acts will show you the living, the hunting, and the butchering of the buffalo.

The grass was best in the valleys along the water courses, and you would expect the buffaloes to stay in such places; but they were stupid even in their search for food, and wandered out on the dry plains where the grass that bore their name was turned to standing hay by drought and heat.

The buffalo had no private life; his time was spent in a crowd from the time in spring, when as

an awkward calf he found it difficult to keep up with the herd in its march, until his life was ended either by rushing with the stampeding herd into an engulfing bog, or, by straggling from the herd, wounded or feeble, and falling a victim to the grim gray wolves who were as the buffaloes' shadows following them ceaselessly.

The fact that the buffaloes grazed far and wide made their daily march to the water courses a ceremony of great importance, and their kingdom was¹⁰ furrowed deeply by these trails worn by innumerable feet as they all followed their leader to the chosen watering place.

The leader whom they trusted was not always the strongest; it was often some wise old cow.¹⁵ When she gave the signal, the feeding stopped; off they all marched, perhaps miles across country until water was reached, always, in spite of their stupidity, by the safest and most direct route to the desired spot. 21

You see in the picture the buffaloes are coming down a trail, and with them is another king of the plains, — the sand-colored sluggish prairie rattlesnake. Big as the buffalo is, he does not care to

pull the leaves from a tuft of curly grass if he sees one of these snakes near it. Nature evidently whispers to the buffalo very early in life: "The little horny knobs on your head will surely grow, a lap for each year; at three you will carry sharp spikes; at ten polished black curved horns; at twenty, if you live so long, gnarled, furrowed stubs, — yet do not be proud; remember that gray rattlesnake coiled in the dust carries in his mouth two fangs as deadly as your fiercest charge. Be friends; do not dispute, but share your kingdom with him." So they lived together, but the snake has outlasted his brother king.

66

MONARCHS IN EXILE (*Concluded*)

AN English traveler, early in this century, wrote that in Pennsylvania, before the buffaloes had learned to fear people, a man built a log house near a salt spring where many buffaloes came to drink. The buffaloes evidently thought the house would make a delightful place to rub and scratch, for history says they actually rubbed it down!

Before they learned the dread of people, and the necessity of keeping constantly on the watch, the buffalo's life was much like that of the great herds of domestic cattle that now range the same prairie pastures. The calves frisked and played, the herds had their times of rest, of plenty and of scarcity, though the buffalo was a difficult animal to starve, and faced out blizzards before which the domestic cattle would turn tail and perish. This was one great reason why he should have been protected, and this magnificent monarch kept in his kingdom and developed to suit present need. The buffalo was able to withstand all the natural dangers, of cold, hunger, and prowling wolves, to which he was exposed, and still increase and multiply. They made good fathers, too, taking the young calves under their protection, sometimes hustling them along through the wolf packs with horns lowered and tails raised, keeping the calves well inside the flying wedge. Their vitality was so great that, if in falling over a precipice after some foolish run, a leg was broken, its owner was quite able to go about on the other three until it knit again. This is the first scene, — the golden

days of the buffaloes,—when they swarmed by hundreds of thousands, like mosquitoes over a marsh. These were the days when the red men had no weapons sufficient to kill them.

5 When the Indian had no weapons, he could slay only small game, and even when he had only a club and stone ax to help him, the killing of the thick-skinned, wool-clad buffalo must have been a difficult task. Do the best he could, the red man
10 had to work desperately hard for every pound of flesh or hide he captured.

Then the mind of man began to develop and aid him. The Indian, knowing the buffalo's habit of stampeding from fright, laid stones, sticks, and
15 brush on either side of some open space to make a sort of driveway, wide apart at first, but gradually narrowing until it ended either in a sort of pen or at the edge of a precipice.

After a herd was located, and this in itself was
20 not always easy, a disturbance was made to start it running in the right direction. Perhaps a man went out and waved his arms, retreating down the driveway as the first of the herd came near to look at him. The curious animal would quicken his

pace, and as soon as he was fairly started the Indian slipped behind the barricade and joined with his comrades in shouting to frighten the herd that were now following their leader at full gallop.

On the mad throng rushed, crowding and trampling each other as the track narrowed, until, when they arrived in the pen, they were giving each other mortal wounds, the calves tossed on the horns of the old bulls and the weaker trampled to death. Then, amid great personal danger, the Indians rushed in and killed those not already wounded, with stone axes, or in later days shot them with their flint arrows. You can see that it must have taken a strong arm to send a clumsy stone arrow through the thick buffalo hide. If the animals were driven over a cliff and fell crippled at the bottom, the killing took place there in the same manner as in the pen. After the slaughter, the men discussed various scenes of the affair as if it had been a battle between tribes, and the women came in, skinned the animals, cut up the meat, packed it on their wheelless dogcarts, and took it to camp

Some time after, when the civilized races came to America and settled along the coasts, the horse found its way among the Indians. He came with the Spanish through Mexico in the South, and from the Canadian French in the North. Soon an Indian's wealth began to be measured by horses, as we measure ours by dollars. Indians mounted on half-breed horses followed the buffalo over the plains with greater success; for, as the old range of these animals in the East and South was being peopled and cultivated, the buffalo crowded westward, as the Indians themselves were soon to be crowded from their hunting grounds. This was the beginning of the end, though it took many years more to drive the monarch from his kingdom.

Act third came, passed rapidly, and with it the buffalo. Firearms, from musket to pistol, were plentiful, and then followed the deadly, long-range rifle. Stupid greed fell upon the Indian and white settler alike. No one listened to the warning cry, "Take what ye need to eat." It was not only flesh for food and hides for covering, but hides for sale, and cow hides at that,

with no respect of season. The Indian found that much deadly firewater could be bought for buffalo skins, and also that the hides of the females and calves were the softest and most valuable.

So then the massacre began; for it was outright murder to kill the females and young. Whites and Indians went out to kill, as an army prepared to maneuver, surprise, trap, and give no quarter. The buffaloes were chased by men ¹⁰ on horseback, who shot with pistols, as more easily used with one hand; they were also shot at from ambush with the long-range rifle, so that often the poor bewildered things, seeing no enemy, did not know in what direction to escape, ¹⁵ and huddled together as helpless victims. Still they held their own and increased until the last scene of all took place; and it seems that this was only yesterday.

There were never any large fourfoots on earth ²⁰ to equal the buffaloes in numbers, and even in my day we have true records of a single herd of no less than four million head. A friend of mine once, riding on a train, passed for more than one hun-

dred miles through a single herd. It was dangerous, I can tell you, for the trains, and they often had to stop to let the buffaloes pass by. At this time the buffaloes were then in two great herds, the northern and the southern. Then these began to melt away as great snowballs do in the sun. Railroads meant an easy way to reach the buffaloes, an easy way to transport the skins; for it was the skin more than the meat that was desired.

10 The engine whistle sounded the exile of this monarch, and for ten years his kingdom, shrinking and shifting, was a battlefield strewn with skinned carcasses. Next, the horns were gathered, and finally the bleached bones themselves were carried away

15 to be ground into fertilizer, and thus make the obliteration complete.

During a few years more there were stragglers here and there, and, in, 1890; when I was going westward from the Black Hills in Wyoming, I

20 shot the beast whose head and skin we have here now. I said, "I will take this eastward when I have a home again, that my grandchildren may believe that such beasts lived, and that their grandfather knew them on their native plains, for

by that time this king will be in exile." It has all happened sooner than I thought so much slaughter could happen.

Now a few, a mere handful, twenty-four perhaps in all, live wild in the Yellowstone Park. A hundred more are scattered here and there in kind captivity, where they may live for some time, but lose their type and spirits like the captive Indians. Now you may travel the plains from New Mexico north and see no other trace of the buffalo than a weather-beaten skull,—the perch for a burrowing owl, or the retreat of the other king, the rattlesnake.

As the buffalo vanished, the Indian as a free-man vanished also; his wild beef is gone and he is given rations in begrudged charity. Once both buffalo and Indian might have been developed to useful citizens; now, if we succeed in preserving either race, it will be only as captives. The kingdom of each is destroyed, and the people of this land are not blameless.

— Adapted from MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT: *Stories of Birds and Beasts*.

[NOTE. This account of the buffalo is given to a group of children by an old gentleman.]

Written Exercise. — Write an account of the buffalo under one of the following headings, using the outline given, or one that you make for yourself.

1. The Buffalo.

- a.* His appearance: size, hair, horns, etc.
- b.* His habits: herding, feeding, going to drink, etc.
- c.* Uses of the buffalo to man.

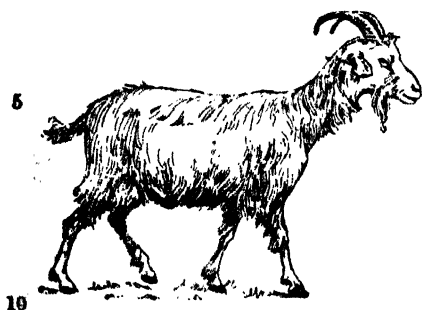
2. The Killing of the Buffalo.

- a.* By the Indians. *b.* By the white man.

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MR. SEGUIN'S GOAT

MR. SEGUIN had never been lucky with his goats. He lost them all in the same manner:



one fine morning they would break their rope, go away to the mountain, and up there the wolf ate them. Neither their master's caresses nor fear of the wolf,—

nothing whatever could hold them. They were, it seems, independent goats, who wished at any price to have the open air and freedom.

Good Mr. Seguin, who understood nothing about the character of his animals, was dismayed. He said: "It is no use. Goats grow weary here. I shan't be able to keep a single one."

Yet he kept up his courage, and when he had lost six goats in the same way, he bought a seventh; only this time he took care to get her quite young, in order that she might grow used to living with him.

And how pretty Mr. Seguin's little goat was! How pretty her soft eyes were, and her tuft of beard, her black and glistening hoofs, her striped horns, and her long white hair like a cloak! And then she was so tame, so loving; she allowed herself to be milked without stirring, without putting her foot in the pail—a darling little goat!

Mr. Seguin had behind his house an inclosure surrounded with hawthorns. It was there that he put his new boarder. He fastened her to a stake, on the finest spot in the meadow, taking care to give her plenty of rope, and from time to time he would go to see whether she was comfortable. The goat felt very happy, and she nibbled the grass so heartily that Mr. Seguin

was delighted. "At last," thought the poor man, "here is one who will not grow weary of staying with me!"

Mr. Seguin was mistaken; his goat did grow weary. One day, as she gazed up at the mountain, she said to herself: "How fine it must be up there! What fun to frolic in the heather, without this old rope to chafe one's neck! It is well enough for the donkey and the ox to graze in a pen. As for goats, they must have room."

From that moment the grass in the inclosure seemed tasteless. Weariness came upon her. She grew thin; her milk became less plentiful. It was sad to see her tugging all day at her tether, with her head turned away toward the mountain, and her nostrils wide open, while she dolefully said, "M-m-a-a!"

Mr. Seguin was quite aware that something ailed his goat, but he knew not what it was. One morning, when he had almost finished milking her, the goat turned round and said to him in her lingo: "Listen, Mr. Seguin, it is so dull for me here with you. Let me go away to the mountain."

"Oh, dear me! she, too!" cried Mr. Seguin, aghast, and in the same breath he dropped his pail; then, sitting down in the grass beside his goat, he said, "Well, well! Blanquette; so you wish to leave me!"

6

And Blanquette answered, "Yes, Mr. Seguin."

"Isn't there grass enough for you here?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Seguin."

"You are tied too short, perhaps; do you want me to lengthen the rope?"

10

"It is not worth while, Mr. Seguin."

"Then what do you need? What is it you wish?"

"I wish to go to the mountain, Mr. Seguin."

"But, poor thing, don't you know that the wolf¹⁵ is on the mountain? What will you do when he comes?"

"I will butt him with my horns, Mr. Seguin."

"The wolf doesn't care about your horns. He has eaten goats of mine far better horned than²⁰ you. You remember well poor old Renaude who was here last year? A splendid goat; strong, and wicked as an old buck. She fought with the wolf all night; then in the morning the wolf ate her."

"Dear, dear! poor Renaude. . . . No matter, Mr. Seguin, let me go to the mountain."

"Goodness gracious!" said Mr. Seguin; "what can they be doing to my goats? Here is another that the wolf is going to make away with. — Well, no! I will save you in spite of yourself, little scamp! And lest you break your rope, I am going to shut you up in the stable and you shall stay there forever."

10 Thereupon Mr. Seguin carried off the goat into a stable, quite dark, and he locked and bolted the door. Unfortunately he had forgotten the window, and scarcely had he turned his back, when the little one was gone.

15 When the little white goat reached the mountain, everything went into raptures. Never had the old pines beheld anything so pretty. She was received like a little queen. The chestnut trees bowed down to the earth to stroke her with the
20 tips of their branches. The golden broom opened as she went by and smelt as sweet as it knew how. The whole mountain gave her a hearty welcome.

You may imagine whether our goat was happy. No more rope, no more stake, nothing to keep

her from frisking and nibbling just as she chose. There was grass for you, up over her horns, my dear! And what grass! Savory, fine, rough-edged, of a thousand kinds! That was something quite different from the turf on the farm. And flowers, what flowers! Foxgloves with deep cups, great bluebell flowers! a whole forest of wild flowers overflowing with intoxicating juices!

The white goat, half tipsy, wallowed in them with her legs in the air and went rolling down the slopes, helter skelter among the fallen leaves and chestnuts. Then suddenly with a bound she was on her feet. Hi! away she went, head first, through brush and through thicket, now on top of a peak, now at the bottom of a ravine, above, below, everywhere. You might have supposed Mr. Seguin had ten goats on the mountain.

The fact is that she feared nothing, this Blanche. She flew at a bound over great torrents which splashed her, as she went, with spray and foam. Then, all dripping, she stretched herself out on a flat rock and dried herself in the sun. Once, on coming to the edge of an upland, with a mouthful of clover blossoms, she perceived, far

below in the plain, Mr. Seguin's house with the pen behind. This made her laugh to the verge of tears. "How small it is!" said she; "how could that have held me?"

5 Poor little thing! Seeing herself on so high a perch, she believed she was at least as big as the world.

In fine, it was a happy day for Mr. Seguin's goat. Toward noon, as she ran hither and thither,
10 she came upon a flock of chamois, hungrily cropping a wild vine. Our little runner in her white gown made a sensation. They gave her the best place at the vine, and were all very polite.

All of a sudden the wind grew cool. The
15 mountains turned to a violet hue; it was evening. — "Already!" said the little goat, and she stopped, greatly astonished.

Below, the fields were wrapt in haze. Mr. Seguin's inclosure was vanishing in mist, and of
20 the tiny cot only the roof and a little smoke were now to be seen. She listened to the bells of a flock that was being led up for the night and she felt a great sadness in her soul. A falcon homeward bound grazed her with his wings as he

passed. She gave a start. Then there was a long howl on the mountain: Hoo-oo! Hoo-oo-oo!

She thought of the wolf; all day long the crazy thing had not thought of him. At the same instant a horn sounded far away in the valley. It was good Mr. Seguin making a last effort.

"Hoo-oo-oo! hoo-oo-oo!" went the wolf.

"Come back! come back!" blew the horn.

Blanquette had a longing to return, but recalling the rope, the stake, and the hedge round the pen, she thought that now she could no longer get used to that life and that it was better to remain.

The horn was silent now. The goat heard behind her a rustle of leaves. She turned round and saw in the shadows two short ears, quite straight, and two eyes that gleamed. It was the wolf.

Huge, motionless, seated on his hind quarters, there he was, looking at the little white goat and already tasting her. As he knew well that he should eat her, the wolf was in no haste; yet, when she turned round, he fell to laughing wickedly. "Ha! ha! Mr. Seguin's little goat!" And he licked his loose chops with his great red tongue.

Blanquette felt that she was lost. For a

moment, remembering the story of old Renaude, who had fought all night, only to be eaten in the morning, she said to herself it would be better, perhaps, to let herself be eaten up at once; then, 5 having changed her mind, she set herself on guard, her head low and her horns forward, like the brave little goat of Mr. Seguin that she was. Not that she had hopes of killing the wolf, — goats do not kill the wolf, — but only to see whether 10 she could hold out as long as Renaude.

Then the monster advanced, and her little horns began to dance. Oh, the brave little goat, how lustily she went about it! More than ten times she forced the wolf to draw back to catch his 15 breath. During these minute-long truces, the little glutton would hastily crop off one more blade of her dear grass; then she returned to the combat, with her mouth full.

That lasted all night. From time to time Mr. 20 Seguin's goat would look at the stars twinkling in the clear heavens, and she would say to herself, "Oh, if only I can hold out till dawn."

One after another the stars went out. Blanquette butted harder and harder; the wolf snapped

more and more. A pale glow appeared on the horizon. The crow of a hoarse cock rose from a farm. "At last!" said the poor little beast, who was only awaiting the day to die; and she stretched out on the ground, her white coat all spotted with blood. Then the wolf flung himself upon the little goat and ate her.

The story that you have heard is no tale of my making. If you came to Provence, our householders will often tell you about Mr. Seguin's goat, 10 who fought with the wolf all night;—and then the wolf ate her. You understand me well, do you not? And then, in the morning, the wolf ate her.

—Translated and adapted from the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET, by
RICHARD HOLBROOK.



WORD FORMS

PART 1

Oral Exercise. — When a *name* word or *noun* means *one* thing (cat), it has the *singular* form. When it means *two* or more things (cats), it has the *plural* form.

SINGULAR	PLURAL
chair	chairs
blackboard	blackboards
table	tables
desk	desks
cabinet	cabinets
cupboard	cupboards
picture	pictures

How do all these words form their plural?

Written Exercise. — Write in a column a list of the names of eight things which you use in your everyday school work, and write their plurals in a second column.

Most nouns form their plurals by adding *s*. The following lessons give some exceptions.

PART 2

Rule. — Some nouns ending in *o* form their plurals by adding *s*.

(a)	(b)
SINGULAR	PLURAL
cameo	cameos
anchoa	

WORD FORMS

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(a)	(b)
SINGULAR	PLURAL
piano	
lasso	
soprano	
alto	
solo	
halo	
zero	
two	
trio	
folio	

Copy column (a), then write in column (b) the plural of each word.

PART 3

Rule. — Some nouns ending in *o* form their plurals by adding *es*.

(a)	(b)
SINGULAR	PLURAL
negro	negroes
mulatto	
buffalo	
flamingo	
mosquito	
calico	
cargo	
domino	
echo	
grotto	

(a)
SINGULAR
volcano
hero
motto

(b)
PLURAL

Study these words as in Part 2.

PART 4

Rule.—Most nouns ending in *f* or *fe* form their plural by adding *s*.

(a)
SINGULAR
roof
proof
hoof
grief
dwarf
chief
fife
safe

(b)
PLURAL
roofs

Study as in Part 2.

PART 5

These fifteen nouns ending in *f* or *fe* form their plural by changing the *f* or *fe* to *ves*.

(a)
SINGULAR
beef
calf

(b)
PLURAL
beeves
calves

(a)
SINGULAR

elf
half
self
sheaf
leaf
wolt
knife
wife
life
loaf
shelf
thief
wharf

(b)
PLURAL
elves

wharfs or wharves

Study as in Part 2.

PART 6

Rule. — Some nouns ending in *y* form their plurals by adding *s*.

(a)
SINGULAR

day
quay
buoy
chimney
journey
donkey
monkey
alley
valley
pulley

(b)
PLURAL
days

Study as in Part 2.

PART 7

Give the rule for forming the plurals of these nouns.

(a)	(b)
SINGULAR	PLURAL
city	cities
story	stories
baby	babies
fairy	fairies
mystery	
pansy	
lily	
daisy	
berry	
ferry	
penny	
family	
quarry	
copy	

Study as in Part 2.

PART 8

All the words in this lesson change the vowel sound in forming the plural.

(a)	(b)
SINGULAR	PLURAL
man	men
woman	women
child	children

(a)	(b)
SINGULAR	PLURAL
mouse	mice
goose	geese
tooth	teeth

Study as in Part 2.

PART 9

Review of Eight Preceding Lessons. — Study the rules, then write each one from memory, following it with at least two examples, thus: —

Most nouns form their plurals by adding *s*.

SINGULAR	PLURAL
house	houses
road	roads

PART 10

The following lessons contain words which sound alike but have different spelling and meanings.

Study the spelling of these words and use them in sentences of your own.

there — Please set the plant *there*.

their — *Their* house is dark gray.

week — Seven days make a *week*.

weak — The mouse was *weak* from fear.

would — *Would* you like to play croquet?

wood — The basswood is soft *wood*.

hear — Listen! do you *hear* the lark sing?

here — Thank you, I will sit *here*.

heard — I think I *heard* a blackbird whistle.

herd — Did you see the *herd* of deer in the park?

PART 11

Study these words and use them in sentences of your own making.

Tell what kind of a sentence each of the following is.

In **what** three ways are capital letters used in these sentences?

Be able to write them from dictation.

deer, dear — The little *deer* is *dear* to its mother.

so — The oriole's nest is hung *so* high that a cat cannot climb to it.

sew — Will you *sew* this seam for me?

sow — Farmer Hopkins will *sow* his oats to-morrow.

two — See the *two* deer under the tree!

to — Please bring the flower *to* me.

too — The road is *too* muddy for driving.

I will go and you may go *too*.

What does the first *too* mean?

What does the second *too* mean?

PART 12

road — Isn't this a dreadful *road*!

rode — We *rode* along the new River *Road*.

rowed — We *rowed* up the pond to get water lilies.

flower — The cardinal *flower* grows in the swamp.

flour — Is that *flour* made from wheat or rye?

blue — The *bluebird* knows it is April.

blew — The wind *blew* terribly!

hole — There is the woodpecker's nest in the *hole* in the oak tree.

whole — We *rowed* the *whole* distance up the creek.

Study as in Part 11.

Review of Parts 10, 11, 12. — In the *Jackal and the Partridge*, find where *two*, *too*, and *to* are used and study how each is used there.

Review all the words in these lessons, select the ones which have seemed hardest for you, and use them in both oral and written sentences until you are quite sure you cannot be puzzled in their use again.

SOME TROUBLESOME WORDS

PART 1

lay **lie**

EXAMPLES OF USE

The hen *lays* the egg in the nest.

The egg *lies* in the nest.

You may *lay* the flower here.

The flower *lies* here.

You *laid* the pencil here.

The pencil *lay* there until you removed it.

You *have laid* the pencil here.

The pencil *has lain* in your desk.

Read these sentences aloud again and again until you have learned how they *sound* when correctly used, and can write them from dictation.

FOURTH YEAR LANGUAGE READER

Make sentences using the different forms of *lay* and *lie*.

Copy the following sentences, filling the blanks with the correct forms of *lay* and *lie*.

The cows — under the trees.

The gardener would not let us — on the wet grass.

Hush, my dear, — still and slumber.

My hat — on the grass.

Please — the book there.

You — the hoe on the ground.

PART 2

sit

set

EXAMPLES OF USE

I *set* the hen on the nest and she *sat* there contentedly.

The nurse *sets* the baby in the carriage and the baby *sits* still.

John *has set* the dog to watch the woodchuck hole, and Rover *has set* there an hour.

Read these sentences aloud many times to learn the sound of the correct use.

Study them so you can write them from dictation.

Make oral and written sentences using the different forms of *sit* and *set*.

Copy these sentences and fill blanks with correct forms of *sit* and *set*.

I — the table for breakfast.

The robin — on her nest.

Please — the broom in the corner.

Old Mrs. Dominick — on her nest for three weeks

Richard has —— his watch by the clock.

We will —— a trap for the weasel.

Anna, where will you —— the rosebush?

PART 3

raise**rise**

EXAMPLES OF USE

We *raise* the stone from the ground.

The feather *rose* in the air.

I *raised* my hand, but you did not see it *rise*.

They *have raised* their house.

The dandelion seeds *have risen* in the breeze.

Study these sentences as in Parts 1 and 2.

Copy the following sentences, filling blanks with the correct forms of *raise* and *rise*.

The hen —— from her nest when I —— my hand to feed her.

Please —— your chair so I can find my thimble.

Shall you —— lettuce in your garden?

Oh, see the kite —— in the air!

Mr. McAdams has —— the roof of his house.

The clover —— her sweet head after the storm.

SPELLING LIST

1.	3.	5.	7.
limb	linger	custom	spear men
blemish	occurrence	clutch	bugle
disposition	leather	describe	roam
excellent	officer	succeed	chieftain
advice	pasture	discharge	surprise
hitch	center	anxious	recent
machine	patch	progress	conceal
inspection	nostril	bruise	gallant
pressure	potato	slippery	died
edge	dirt	electric	pierce
2.	4.	6.	8.
accomplished	decide	murmur	timber
notice	opposite	muscle	spectacle
braid	quarter	release	companion
sergeant	ankle	whine	domestic
confuse	weight	pis tol	calves
circle	curious	forward	guard
dozen	forty	encourage	preparation
waltz	ribbon	command	messenger
wonderful	government	distance	tongue
spavin	empty	general	breeze

9.	lance	camel	stu pid
stead i ly	woods	awk ward	hon or
strag gler	crick et	shag gy	
poul try	leave	pad ded	17.
prai rie	12.	yel low	bur ied
an i mal	jeal ous	des ert	or ange
so cial	flew	bound	salm on
cow ard ly	shoul der	up lift ed	a bun dance
in stant	in jure	15.	lan guage
un der growth	fought	trout	sav age
ter ri ble	hol low	black bird	swal low
10.	wound ed	nes tling	re mem ber
la dies	ac knowl edge	mow ers	grown
hawk	shiv er	home ward	cur rent
whis tle	cer tain ly	shad ow	18.
min gle	13.	fight	sheet
steam ing	sail	never	flow ing
thick et	skip per	know	ea gle
size	re mark a ble	should	Eng land
mirth	mis take	16.	gen tle
youth	dipped	hol i day	heard
course	care fully	con science	heav ing
11.	howl	ri dic u lous	high
flock	spilled	bar gain	tight
scare	tried	kpob	mer ry
soul	drink	mon key	19.
hearth	14.	squeeze	min ute
lamb kin	a round	haul	cir cuit
shep herd	ho ri zon		jour ney

trace
knew
couple
pur pose
sever al
an noy ance
splice

20.
sur face
quan ti ty
hoarse
in tense
heart y
prob a ble
qui et ly
poor
cau tion
tre men dous

21.
wreck
schoon er
bos om
yon der
hur ri cane
yeast
strength
ves sel
pause
flee cy

22.
prey
vil lage
dis ap pear
whelp
li on ess
mis chief
cru el ty
in no cent
leop ard
crea ture

23.
fel low
o ver coat
curl y
hill side
gyp sy
toad
doff
fee bly
tot ter
sun light

24.
bril liant
an i mated
spir it
an noy
akein
es pe cial

re mem brance
de scent
ref uge
cab in

25.
roy al
con trast
em bar rass
di rec tion
in tro duc tion
fam i ly
thought ful
con fi dence

nerve
calm ly
26.
ci der
lunch eon
la zy
rus tle
bus tle
pat ter
pearl
wretch ed
mu si cian
spar row

27.
rep e ti tion
ex am ine

in ten tion
bot tom
hes i ta tion
be lieve
nerv ous
daunt
zen ti nel
con ver sa tion

28.
cot ton
fast en
at ten tion
ex per i ment
ap par ent
horse hair
dis miss
de vot ed
spouse
dis ap point ment

29.
mer ri ly
gay ly
wed ding
pa tient
frol ic
be stir
brood
hum drum

strain
hus band

30.
tread
light ly
hushed
leaf less
grove
rove
glide
gi ant
in spire
soul

31.
re joice
two fold
bab bling
sun shine
wel come
dar ling
mys ter y
school boy
blessed
thou sand

32.
day light
passed
si lence

moun tain
vis ion
va por
view
cot tage
dwell ing
heav en

33.
cor ner
nat u ral
glance
an oth er
en trance
speed i ly
ten ants
nes tle
ad van tage
pre fer

34.
ex cur sion
tim id
fash ion
fail ure
move ment
fur ther
thor ough ly
heap
ex cit ed
leis ure

35.
. for mer
lat ter
re plied
doubt less
sphere
dis grace
oc cu py
de ny
tal ent
dif fer

36.
float
crowd
stretched
mar gin
toss ing
spar kling
po et
gaze
wealth
couch

37.
slen der
teth er
kneel
feast
shook
draught

meas ure
ten der
beech
faith ful

38.
spec i men
mag nif i cent
flour ish
col umn
cour te sy
ave nue
grad u al ly
ar ri val
coun te nance
par tic u lar

39.
gloam ing
be gun
bus i ly
fir
hem lock
earl
elm
pearl
soft en
noise less

40.
gar ment
shak en

wood land
po em
syl la ble
re cord
se cret
de spair
re veal
hoard

41.

an nounce
trum pet
ar rive
no where
veil
farm house
stopped
de lay
ra di ant
in close

42.

stir ring
stock ing
chim ney
nes tle
sug ar
ker chief
lawn
sleigh

tar nish
dim ple

43.

as sem ble
fas ci nate
ceil ing
prop er ty
stalk
pro ces sion
con sid er
to bac co
rec og nize
mul ti tude

44.

val ley
height
blus ter ing
pow der
crest
rear
swarm
cit ies
sil ver y
pitch er

45.

un der stood .
re al ize
re cite

square
ru mor
min is ter
prin ci pal
re ceive
med al
pil lar

46.

stern
rock bound
coast
ex ile
con quer or
hymn
depth
o cean
free dom
jew el

47.

treas ure
cup board
dan ger ous
gor geous
rough en
cush ion
car pen ter
dis cour age
in dus tri ous
pri vate

48.

shil ling
sal a ry
mag is trate
sat is fy
dough nut
char ac ter
heav y
but ton
fin er y
im me di ate ly

49.

ob jects
pic ture
re la tion
art ist
France
no tice
do ing
es pe cial ly
ex tend
teach er

50.

vil lage
black smith
chest nut
bel lows
sledge
sex ton

forge
par son
choir
at tempt

51.
in her it
ten der
scarce
fac to ry
bub ble
out cast
pa tience
lev el
fra grant
worth

52.
au tumn
pour
wheat
clus ter
fur row
show er
rob ber
knead
or chard
with hold

53.
hale
blithe

bur den
no bod y
en vy
wrong
earn
pen ny
grind
sigh

54.
ket tle
drear y
hu man
thresh old
read y
blame
few
stare
foot step
shout

55.
rea son
a broad
es cape
a dieu
staff
thick et
ech o
blast

mas ter
fetch

56.
de sire
as sail
ab bot
seize
knave
hon est
chief
cheer
pro vide
hum ble

57.
cot ta ger
in fant
dole ful
breast
kit ten
crick et
cease
busy
stir ring
nib bling

58.
lul la by
gold en
alum ber

eyes
pret ty
smiles
wan ton
a wake
when
sleep

59.
chance
fawn
lan tern
af ter noon
yon der
wan der
nei ther
through
haw thorn
tracked

60.
Ven ice
nurse
street
queer
oar riage
oar
hand some
fid dle
ev er y bod y
no ble man

61.	re lieve	64.	ma te ri al
Christ mas	trou ble	fire fly	tough
pres ent	a fraid	busi ness	ghost
con sult	like ly	in dus try	saw sage
break	po et ry	cap ture	ar row
man age	ex pect	cir cum stance	fierce
im mense	63.	read y	66.
Ger man	sub ject	re tail	mon arch
tur key	in ten tion	cus tom er	scrat ch
cer tain	naugh ty	res tau rant	dif fi cult
an swer	scream	mer chant	in crease
	ap prove		prec i pice
62.	ar range ment	65.	mos qui to
ac tu al ly	love ly	fault	per son al
yes ter day	puz zle	meas ure	olum sy
pleas ant	jerk	moult	ri fle
de light	shov el	serv ice	en gine

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